

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World
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First Edition, Eighteen Copies

Magazine Section of the
Boston Sunday Advertiser
Sunday Sept. 8, 1929

Petty-June Does Europe

Continuing the
Diary of Her
Adventures After
College Days,
by the Brilliant
Satirist

Fish



1

MY aesthetic soul burst forth in melody Monday morning when we spotted the azure tints of the Mediterranean and particularly at Monte Carlo, or "Monty," as all us habitués call it. Gwen and I drank our fill of the scenery and some sparkling muscatel, and then asked a gorgeously dressed policeman where the Casino was. It seems one can make lots of money there.



2

GWEN went to try a game called "shimmy," because she thought it must be a dance contest, but I saw Ralph in the entrance and we asked for the roulette room, and we bought 1,000 francs in chips—they call them "plaques"—that's \$40—and started to bet right away. There are 36 numbers, and I decided to bet on 21, and, oh, glory! it won the first time! I got oodles of money, and the croupier showed simply piles over to me with his rake. I forgot to take my stake off 21, and it came up again! I was buried in plaques! It didn't come up again for ten spins of the ball, but crowds simply gathered around and whispered about this "American girl plunger."



3

A hard-faced old virago, with simply scads of make-up, begged me to tell her my system, and I said I bet on 21 because that's my age. I advised her, "Why don't you try your age?" and then I added, "but, Madame, the numbers only go up to 36, don't they?" She got furious and grabbed my arm, and tried to pinch some of my plaques, and I grabbed her hair and it came off, and suddenly all was confusion, and I never felt so mortified in all my life.



4

GUARDS and detectives came rushing over and pulled us apart, but it seems in the struggle several of the larger plaques got lost. But apparently they feared I might break the bank, and I was escorted out of the roulette room by two guards, and I changed my plaques back to francs, and got so many notes I had to carry them in my hat. I counted them and had almost 11,000 francs—that's \$440.

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5

I GOT separated from Ralph in the struggle and after I'd straightened up a bit I went back to the Casino and tried to look for him. But a guard stopped me and asked me what I wanted. All I could think to say was "Cherchez un homme" (which is the funny way French speak of looking for a man), and the attendants all looked simply horrified and gave me a polite imitation of the bum's rush. It seems the Casino is the one place in Europe where one mustn't pick up a man.

SO now I am barred from the Casino for fighting, conduct unbecoming a lady, and "cherchez un homme." Gwen and Ralph and some Italian youth and I had a few cocktails in the Café de Paris, and then we shot craps the rest of the night. I lost every \$ and more besides, and I was so furious and tired I wept buckets. I'll have to go to Rome in a barrel! But I believe they barred me really because they were afraid my system would break their old bank! (To Be Continued)

Java's Jolly Hindu Gods That Keep Everybody Happy



Gigantic Stone Image of a Temple Guardian, With Jubilant Good Humor Written All Over His Face, Who Has a Strange Psychological Effect on Those Javanese Who Are Devotees of the Hindu Faith.

AMONG the many deities of Hinduism there is a god called Ganesha, or Ganesh. He is considered the most sagacious of divinities, but of all the Hindu countries there is none that gives him such honor as Java. In the pantheon of supernatural beings, he is outstanding, and special honor is accorded him because he is regarded by the Javanese as the dispenser of all happiness, prosperity and good fortune.

It is to Ganesha that the Dutch Government turns with many of its problems and its problems in the Dutch East Indies are legion. In many of the laws and regulations, the wise statesmen representing Holland cleverly incorporate words of praise to Ganesha, and thus insure psychological support against opposition by the natives. If Ganesha figures in the law, the law is unanimously accepted as good. This, of course, applies to the Hindu devotees. In sections where Mohammedism dominates, the Prophet is likewise honored.

Hinduism, formerly centered about Java's famous Thousand Temples at Prambanan, which, though in ruins today, were the first to display the images of Ganesha, who is invariably represented with an elephant's head, obviously to indicate his capacity. His effigies today are to be found in great profusion, in merchandising shops, libraries, homes and, of course, in the smaller temples.

He is the most widely petitioned deity of the divine family, for he is the god of prudence and policy, and the patron of letters.

When a new house is to be built by pious folk, Ganesha is immediately propitiated and a small image of him is set up on or near the site. By all Javanese Hindus, he is saluted at the beginning of every book and at the top of every letter. Bankers are particularly fond of him and paint his likeness on their office windows. In the theatres, he decorates the scene and curtains, and often his

head is embroidered on the costumes of actors, particularly comedians. Travelers invoke his protection before beginning a journey and in every hotel and inn, the guest is greeted by an image of the elephant god over the door.

It is not odd that the bankers show the deity particular reverence, for his wisdom is not of knowledge exactly, but of the world and of such things that insure prosperity and financial success. In his divine aspect, however, Ganesha rules over the hosts of Heaven and the free spirit.

Ganesha is never left entirely alone, so far as his image is concerned. It has become the custom to surround him with company, and his customary companion is a jovial and grinning temple guard, who is invariably represented as a gigantic human with protruding teeth, and merry eyes. He is nameless, but his presence is to be expected and he is always recognized by his unmistakable characteristics of expression and countenance. His tremendous mustache and leathery add greatly to the interest of the spectator if not to the beauty of the guard.

In his case, he wears large rings such as are popular among Javanese women. The photographs of the Guard and Ganesha on this page show the huge figures, about twelve times the size of a human being, in the ruins of the group of temples near the village of Prambanan, which is in Surakarta. Following the general rule, Ganesha has four hands, though sometimes he is represented with six, or even eight.

The Java temples have fallen into decay, but they still remain the shrine for thousands of Hindus. A few miles to the north of the site are situated the Thousand Temples, or what is left of them. These consist really of about 240 small buildings gathered round a great central temple, richly adorned, but sinfully enough, roofless.



Ganesha, the Elephant God, Who Is Supposed to Protect All Good People. His Image Is Drawn Always Before His Adorers Write a Letter, and Merchants Have His Likeness Painted Over Their Shops.

Jungle Brides Who Blush Unseen Behind Weird Masks of Reed

THERE is just as much feminine pride and vanity in the African jungles as in a civilized city. In metropolitan centres the wives of prosperous men display their affluence by riding in autos and wearing jewels and fine clothes. In Africa, or in that part of South Africa known as Batutoland, well-to-do matrons wear metal collars made of brass or wire. Instead of diamond bracelets, copper rings are favored, and they usually find a place in the jungle lady's nose.

The bridal veil is as much of an institution in the jungles of Batutoland as it is in Paris or New York—but like the other affectations of femininity it varies somewhat in different regions. A bridal veil might very well be calculated to conceal a blush or series of blushes in America or Europe. In Africa, the color of the bride's cheeks is such that a flush is not perceptible. But when a young woman of Batuto is ready to take a husband, she is equipped with a bridal veil, nevertheless. The Batuto girl wears nothing less than a woven net, cage, or mask, about her head on nuptial occasions. She is fitted out with this, and incidentally is cruelly tattooed weeks prior to the marriage ceremony, at a tribal ritual where from forty



A Group of Batuto Girls All Ready to Be Married, and Wearing the Weird Masks That Must Be Worn as Part of the Ceremony Fitting Them to Become Brides. The photograph on this page shows a group of prospective brides blushing to fifty girls at a time are officially qualified to become matrons. For weeks, old women of the tribe and the witch doctors assist the young belles in the protracted ceremony that marks their transition from girlhood to womanhood, and it is the annual custom to turn out large numbers of young women into the marriage market.

The mysterious rites which the Batuto girls observe upon becoming of marriageable age are in charge of the old women who, weeks before the ceremonials are brought to a climax, take the young women to certain places in the country where veritable class instruction pertaining to matters of household maintenance, cooking, the rearing of children and other matronly duties is given. The girls, during this period may not meet any young men. The system provides something of a vacation school for them.

When they have been married, they will affect the symbolic attire of wives. This consists of the metal neckwear which is so designed as to denote at a glance the degree of prosperity of the husband. The collars and wire coils which are extremely uncomfortable are so made that they may be added to from time to time. Thus, as a husband grows richer, more metal may be attached to his wife's strange raiment and though she may suffer some physical distress because of the discomfort of the apparel, she can strut about much after the fashion of the civilized woman who advertises her husband's wealth by wearing jewels and costly costumes.

Ancient Greek Art Treasures Discovered in Old Swamp



Vase With a Ram's Head Found in a Tomb When a Swamp Was Reclaimed Recently at Comacchio, Near Ravenna, in the Valley Trebbia, and Priceless Relics of Ancient Greece Unearthed.

THE little town of Comacchio, near Ravenna, the archiepiscopal see of Emilia, Italy, until a few weeks ago was famous only for its great swamp. Fed by the Corsini Canal, the swamp frequently inundated parts of the city so that it became one of the unhealthiest spots in the Valley of Trebbia.

Workmen recently were assigned to drain the marsh, and began digging foundations for a sea wall that would hold back the canal overflow. On the fourth day after the excavations had been started, a labor gang unearthed a beautiful vase. It was at once recognized as an early Grecian relic known as a Rhyton. The space was quickly cleared and an old tomb stood revealed. Further excavation revealed similar art treasures in profusion.

Archaeologists flocked to the scene and within a few days identified the discoveries as being associated with the necropolis of the City of Pina mentioned in the works of Strabo and Pliny. This ascribed the date of the relics to the second half of the first century of the Christian era.

Within a week after the vase came to light, a score of tombs stood revealed, and up to this time they have yielded exquisite pottery, jeweled ornaments and about a hundred carved vases.

Comacchio, once the obscure swamp city, has become the headquarters for an official government expedition. The swamp has been thoroughly drained, the sea wall completed, and the town is now well established on the tourist routes and is waxing prosperous and happy.

Beauty's Face to Decorate Money

PREMIER MUSSOLINI of Italy recently stirred much interest by ordering a modernization of national bank notes by placing on them the likeness of a typical Italian girl, chosen from several hundred contestants in a beauty competition. The idea struck popular fancy, and the Austrian Government resorted to a similar expedient. The new style of decorating money has now been adopted in Hungary. The next issue of its paper currency will, on all popular denominations, feature the beautiful face of Mile. Ha Loth, a noted Hungarian beauty, who was not selected in a competition for the reason that she had almost unanimous endorsement by the treasury artists.

Mile. Loth is a professional beauty, but because her features are said to represent the typical Hungarian woman, the fact that she is a performer did not affect the governmental decision. The photographs of Mile. Loth, from which the engraved dies will be made, represent her in various poses. They include only the head and shoulders, but the bills will reproduce her likeness in profile and in a front-face position.



Mile. Ha Loth, Whose Face Will Be Reproduced on a Forthcoming Issue of Hungarian Banknotes.

Another Grand Opera Romance Ruined by Too Much Temperament

Prima Donna Mary Lewis Still Loves Her Operatic Bass Husband but She Thinks He Oughtn't to Kick Her, Black Her Eye, Punch Her Jaw, Pull Her Hair or Try to Throw Her Out a Window



Michael Bohnen and Prima Donna Mary Lewis, Photographed in Attitudes of What Looks Like Perfect Wedded Harmony a Few Days After Their Marriage—But Mary says That Four Days After the Ceremony He Knocked Her Clear Across Their Hotel Room into the Fireplace.

IN April, 1927, Madame Mary Lewis, grand opera soprano, and Michael Bohnen, famous German bass singer, sailed from New York on what everyone agreed should be a happy honeymoon—two song birds who were love birds.

Operatic song birds are renowned fighters in their homes and behind the scenes, and sometimes, like Jeritta and Gigli, even carrying their scuffles out on to the stage itself. But that, of course, is because they are so artistic and temperamental and misunderstood, while this couple, as the bride said, looking tenderly into her husband's eyes, understood each other perfectly.

Four days after their marriage, according to Mary's statement, Michael "socked" his bride so hard that he knocked her across their hotel room and into the fireplace, causing many bruises and lacerations and dislocating the gas log. On the way to the steamer the groom is alleged to have walloped his love bird again, knocking her against the side of the corridor and "creating such a scene as to attract the attention of many persons embarking on steamers at said pier."

This information comes from her formal complaint in the separation suit before the Los Angeles Superior Court, but her lawyers neglect to mention what prompted hubby to swing on wifey. The main difficulty about a perfect understanding is that it leaves no chance for explanation, argument or bluff. If a husband understands perfectly what his wife has in mind and objects, he must either surrender or get rough.

Still the perfect understanding has compensations. An ordinary bride who did not understand her husband quite so perfectly might suspect that his punching her around indicated that he didn't love her as fondly as he should on the honeymoon. Some brides would not have gone at all but Mary understood, which made it quite all right. The physical chastisement of his better half by the husband whenever he thought his wife needed it, went on for two years and two and a half months, she says, but by that time Mary had become tired of it. Bruises from body blows only last a week or so and no doubt do not matter if one understands, but when he punishes her head, that was different. A black eye is an embarrassing thing for a lady to show in a public place. Even though she understands perfectly why her husband decorated her, it is hard to explain it to others.

Another thing this wife disliked was having her husband open the window of their fourteenth story apartment in New York and, in his fine basso-barytone voice, urge her to jump out and end it all. In consideration, he promised to jump out after her. She may have understood him well enough to fear that he would change his mind. Anyway, the idea did not appeal to her because she expected to sing with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company this winter. According to her statement, when she declined he tried to throw her out, and she only averted the plunge by such physical resistance and pleading.

Then she mentioned reproachfully the time when, after knocking her down, he picked her up by her hair. It may be all right for women to pull hair, but she thinks that a gentleman who has just knocked a lady down ought to lift her in some more conventional manner. And she feels that no gentleman should kick a lady when she is down. Madame Lewis claims that during all this time her husband had not only been walloping her with his fists, but successfully "hitting" her for

various sums of money totalling \$30,000.

So the other day, M. m. e. Lewis, though still avowedly in love with her husband, decided that her marriage arrangements were not entirely satisfactory and brought suit, not for divorce, but separate maintenance, temporary alimony, counsel fees and her \$30,000 back.

The summons and complaint filed by her lawyers reads like a blow-by-blow description of a prize fight except that it relates only the alleged blows and the plaintiff received but makes no mention of what, if anything, she did in the way of counter-punching or provocation.

After stating that the couple was married April 14, 1927, in New York and separated July 1, 1929, in Los Angeles, the complaint declares:

ROUND I.

"That since said marriage the defendant, Michael Bohnen, has treated the plaintiff in a cruel and inhuman manner, without cause or reason on the part of the plaintiff, and in particular as follows:

"(a) That on or about the 14th day of April, 1927, the said defendant, Michael Bohnen, while he and plaintiff were residing in New York, struck plaintiff with such force that she was knocked into a fireplace and received bruises about her body. (Husband's round.)

ROUND II.

"(b) That on or about the 22nd day of April, 1927, while plaintiff and said defendant were preparing to board a steamer at New York City for a tour to Berlin, Germany, and at the pier at which plaintiff and said defendant were to embark upon said steamer, the said defendant struck and shoved the plaintiff with such force against the sides of the corridors, all of which created such a scene as to attract the attention of many persons embarking on steamers at said pier. (Husband's round.)

ROUND III.

"(c) That on occasions too numerous to mention in particular during the months of January, February and March, 1928, while plaintiff and said defendant were residing in the city of New York in an apartment, which said apartment was located on the four-

teenth floor of the building in which they were residing in New York, said defendant would drag the plaintiff to a window and would insist upon plaintiff jumping out of the window, stating that he was going to do likewise, and that plaintiff was able to save herself from being pushed out of the window by said defendant only by such physical resistance and much pleading on her part to defendant not to carry out his enraged threats. (Husband's round.)

ROUND IV.

"(d) That on or about the 20th day of April, 1928, while plaintiff and said defendant were residing at the Grand Hotel in the city of Paris, France, said defendant struck plaintiff in her face with his fist with such force that plaintiff's jaw was injured to such an extent that the injury remained for more than three months and struck plaintiff in one of her eyes, causing the same to become bruised and blackened and picked her up by her hair after he had knocked her to the floor and threw plaintiff violently across the room, after which said defendant kicked plaintiff many times about her body.

ROUND V.

"(e) That on or about the 15th day of October, 1928, the said defendant, while plaintiff and said defendant were residing in the city of Berlin, Germany, struck plaintiff, knocking her against a door with such force that

thereby causing many bruises to plaintiff's person; that plaintiff, after these acts, endeavored to escape from the said defendant, but said defendant locked the door of the room in which plaintiff and said defendant were then present and stated to plaintiff that he, said defendant, would kill her if she attempted to escape. (Husband's round.)

ROUND VI.

"(f) That on or about the 30th day of June, 1929, while the plaintiff and said defendant were residing at Los Angeles, Cal., the said defendant struck plaintiff in her face with such force that she was knocked against the wall of the room in which she and said defendant were then present.

"That all of the aforesaid acts of cruelty on the part of the defendant, Michael Bohnen, towards the plaintiff have caused plaintiff to suffer great physical pain and grievous mental an-

anyhow. Mile. Amarr had been the inspiration" for the Metropolitan harlequin Baklanoff, but when she found him getting inspiration elsewhere, instead of being resentful she dragged him into court and tried to have him deported on the grounds of moral turpitude with benefit. However, he stayed and she went back to Paris.

The great Tetrizini in her old age, besides quickly separating from her second husband, 20 years her junior, almost got into jail on account of jealousy of her young chauffeur. In an Italian court she was charged with stimulating his attentiveness by threats with a revolver.

Mary Lewis When She Was a Ziegfeld Follies Girl and Before She Became a Grand Opera Star.

guish, and from which she still does and will continue to suffer." (Husband's round.)

ROUND VII.

In this round the knockout came, so suddenly that no body saw it. Mary attached her adversary's bank accounts, finding a \$7,500 in a Hollywood bank, and, it is said, \$25,000 more in a Los Angeles one. Two days later she withdrew the action, and, smiling happily, announced that she still loved Michael and that everything was satisfactory, but from now on they would live separately.

Mr. Bohnen made it a real separation by taking the next train out of Hollywood in the general direction of Germany, without putting in any defense. She is in possession of their house at fashionable Brentwood Heights, and her lawyers, when asked how much more she could, replied that she had obtained plenty.

(Winner, WIFE.)

It must be remembered that while Mary wins by a knockout, she is told as seen from her corner only. Mr. Bohnen left without stating his side of the case and may sometime deny any or all his wife's assertions and tell a very different story of the bout.

It seems almost impossible for operatic stars to mate without shrieks and yells and fireworks. They seem to have unlimited vanity but no pride. Geraldine Farrar married Lou Tellegen, an actor considerably younger than herself, and must have known that everyone was wondering if she could hold the affections of the handsome stage lover. Miss Farrar, by throwing her husband out of the door and his clothes out of the window, advertised to an amused world that she had failed.

Ganna Walska, infuriated by failure to succeed in Chicago, divorced her wealthy and patient husband, Mr. Cochran, and married the even wealthier Mr. Harold McCormick, but that did not help any.

Mile. Amarr of the Chicago Com-pany, though very pretty, had been so tall that she did not have a sufficient height to give her the feminine touch that is right of a star to "raise Cain," but she did it.

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Prima Donna Mary Lewis Showing Her Pretty Dimples. Which Mr. Bohnen Doesn't Seem to Have Appreciated.



Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen Posed for the Camera as a Couple of Happy Love Birds—And Their Romance Didn't Last Very Long, Either, Despite This Photographic Evidence of Matrimonial Felicity.

Odd Legal Tangle That Made Dr. Brown An Unwilling Bigamist

LESS than a year ago Dr. Wallace E. Brown, of Cherokee Park, Colorado, and Mrs. Marion Brown Elliott, charming and vivacious Denver divorcees, were scarcely aware of each other's existence. Today they are the principals in one of the most unusual bigamy suits that ever stirred the high and dry state that is trying to extricate them from the legal tangle into which mutual attraction involved them.

The romance and the trouble started at the National Western Horse Show in Denver last January. Dr. Brown was showing a string of horses from his stables at Cherokee Park, and Mrs. Elliott, said to be one of the most accomplished equestrians in the West, was exhibiting several of her own blooded horses and entries from other stables.

Mrs. Elliott "trimmed" the Cherokee Park portman in several contests and they fell to talking of thoroughbred. Soon, succeeding events have shown, they talked of more personal things and managed to spend much time in each other's company.

At that time Dr. Brown was the husband of the former Mildred Goldborough, whom he married secretly in 1926. Mildred Goldborough Brown is the daughter of Mrs. Margaret Gold-



Mrs. Mildred Goldborough Brown, Dr. Brown's First Wife, Whose Final Divorce Decree Had Not Been Obtained When His Mexican "Marriage" Occurred.



Dr. Wallace E. Brown, Who Faces a Bigamy Charge as the Result of His Alleged Marriage to Mrs. Marion Elliott.

of mental cruelty and the assumption that Brown had married Mildred Goldborough for a generous share of her mother's money.

Under the Colorado law six months must elapse before a final decree can be issued, but Dr. Brown continued to see much of Mrs. Elliott, who herself had been divorced from Nixon Elliott, a young Denver broker, less than a year.

In April Marion Elliott suddenly decided to take a trip to El Paso, Texas, and when she returned ten days later she and Dr. Brown were seen more than ever in each other's company.

Tongues were just beginning to wag about the affair when Mildred Gold-



Mrs. Marion Brown Elliott, the Denver, Colorado, Junior League Leader, Whose Mexican Trip With Dr. Brown Caused All the Trouble.

borough Brown's attorney made the startling charge that Dr. Brown was a bigamist because he had married Mrs. Elliott in Juarez, Mexico, on April 13. The wealthy sportsman was arrested and released on bail. The at-

torney further charged that Felix O'Neill, a Denver lawyer, witnessed the ceremony. "denied there had been any marriage, but when it was rumored that Mrs. Elliott's divorced husband

contemplated suing for full-time custody of their two children, O'Neill admitted that a ceremony had been gone through, but that it was illegal, and, therefore, not a marriage at all.

The reasons given were that Juarez was in the hands of rebels on the day of the ceremony and that the American consul had not validated the marriage.

Mildred Goldborough Brown's lawyer laughed at these disclosures and insisted that Dr. Brown and Mrs. Elliott had figured in a bigamous marriage. And then Mrs. Marion Brown Elliott, or Mrs. Marion Brown Elliott Brown, as the case may be, came out with a flat denial.

"I am not married to Dr. Brown, but I will be as soon as I legally can be. I have never been happier in my life than in my friendship with Dr. Brown."

It is all very complicated and no one seems to know at the moment just what the tangle will be cleared. Dr. Brown's divorced wife may refuse to ask for a final decree.

In that case, whether or not he is guilty of bigamy, may never be free to marry legally the woman who loves him, and who may, or may not, already be his bigamous bride.

Worked 7 Years Without Pay to Win Stardom on the Air

THE millions of "listeners in" who hear the singing of Al Bernard, of New York, in today's ambitious radio programs probably picture this performer before the microphone as another of the fortunate artists who went in for entertaining over the ether because it is easy, pleasant work that commands big pay.

It is true that Mr. Bernard is fairly paid, but it was a long, hard battle during which he faced the "mike" for seven long years and never got a cent for his services. The Biblical character who worked seven years in order to marry the girl of his heart, and then didn't get her, was no less determined than Mr. Bernard, who tenaciously set out to make a place for himself in the world of radio.

Mr. Bernard saw the possibilities of radio for entertainers when the industry was in its infancy and did his first singing into the "mike" in 1921.

when radio was looked upon as an impractical fad and receiving sets were few and far between. His broadcast

over one station for two years and collected not a cent for his long hours of vocalizing.

At the moment Miss Clarkson has no complaint against the clause in her contract that makes it impossible for her to do as she likes with her hair, for she is starting in a play that gives promise of enjoying a long run.

"I can understand," says the blond actress, "that my unbobbed locks are worth money to me as well as my employer, and that my audiences prefer me the way I am. For the present, at least, I shall keep away from the barber's shears."

Then he toured the country with a writer of popular songs and sang—free of charge—over almost every station then operating. A music publisher paid him railway fare, but he had to sing in clubs and behind music counters to earn his board and lodging. But never once did Bernard doubt that his day would come, any more than did some 200 other popular radio entertainers of the moment who put in years of unpaid work in studios in order to build their reputations and put them in line for well-paying positions.

Bernard believes that a radio performer must serve an apprenticeship of hard work just as movie stars do, in order to know how to please radio audiences. To him singing into the "mike" is an art that requires a distinct technique, which, thanks to his seven years' work without remuneration, he mastered.

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Al Bernard, Radio Performer, Who Won His Way to Stardom by Working Seven Years Without Compensation.



Miss Joan Clarkson, the Blonde British Actress, Who, Under Her Theatrical Contract, May Not Bob Her Hair or Have It Artificially Waved.

spent most of his last days there. He was one of the last of the dandies of King Edward's day and was an intimate companion of the king when he was about the gayest, most carefree Prince of Wales that England ever knew.

Louthier was not only a gallant soldier, once recommended for the Victoria Cross for bravery in battle, but a keen wit, a writer of plays, a con-

noisseur of the arts and, for a time, a member of Parliament.

He was a man of ample means and when a friend took him to look at the ancient shell of Hurstmonceux Castle, merely

because the old structure was historically interesting, he decided to buy it and have it restored to something of its former grandeur. At that time the exterior appearance of the castle was much the same as at the time of its erection in the fifteenth century. It was entirely of brick and was said to be the largest building of its kind in England built after the Roman occupation of the island.

Stout flanking towers, which crowned the watch turrets, rose to a height of eighty feet. The building itself was more than 200 feet square and was built around a huge courtyard and two smaller courts.

But the castle was little more than an imposing shell, for when the old feudal estate changed hands in the late 1700's, the buyer decided not to live there but to sell the entire property to a wealthy man who was building a mansion nearby.

A army of workmen went into Hurstmonceux and when they were

through there was little left of the castle but its stout brick walls and the slate roof that covered the great pile. For more than a century the castle was in rather a sorry state when Colonel Louthier visited it and decided to make it his home.

He went carefully into the long history of the place and learned all he could about its original appearance. Then he engaged skilled woodworkers and decorators and had the castle restored much as it was in the old days, except that he equipped the estate with every modern convenience—hot and cold running water, electric lights, luxurious bathrooms, telephones—all so cleverly installed that they did not detract from the castle's medieval appearance.

For many months the workmen were busy making Hurstmonceux habitable and then Col. Louthier moved in as master of one of the finest estates that England boasted at that time.

The Colonel's neighbors were quick to tell him of the ghostly drummer, the hoof beats of the phantom horses that sometimes galloped through the castle gate and the eerie muffled music that seemed to come from the "Ladies' Bower" high up in one of the towers.

But, though the master of Hurstmonceux did not openly scoff at these legends, it is known that he disbelieved them and once remarked that he didn't care how many ghosts shared Hurstmonceux with him so long as they kept out of his way and did not disturb his sleep.

Many prospective buyers of Hurstmonceux have visited the place in the past few months and some of them, listening to the tales of the weird, have not been as impervious to superstition as Col. Louthier. In fact, they have departed with no intention of buying a place haunted by a ghost that so often breaks the silence of the night with his mysterious drumming.

Mystery of Hurstmonceux Castle's Musically Inclined Ghost

ENGLAND is dotted with old castles rumored to be inhabited by eerie spectres that moan and mutter and clank chains when the moldering towers of these fortress-mansions are obscured in what superstitious souls are wont to call "the dark of the moon."

Many of these persistent myths about the ancient homes of swash-buckling lords and dukes long since dead are potently untrue and no one takes the least stock in them. But this is not the case with Hurstmonceux Castle in Sussex, which is being offered for sale by the heirs of the late Colonel Claude Louthier, veteran of the Boer War and boon companion of Edward VII, father of the present King of England.

Venerable men among the villagers who live in the vicinity of Hurstmonceux Castle relate in sober sincerity that, ever since they can remember, the grounds of the old dwelling, built by Sir Roger de Flennes away back in the reign of Henry VI, have been periodically visited by a ghostly drummer. No one has ever seen this supernatural visitor, but many have heard the hair-raising rat-a-tat of his drum which always rings exactly at the stroke of midnight.

It is a bright chapter of Sussex lore that the ghost drummer of Hurstmonceux lived in the castle years ago and that it was his job to keep watch over a huge chest containing much of his master's treasure. This chest was kept in a room called Drummer's Hall, which was in the entrance tower of the old edifice.

One silver-haired old woman, whose cottage is near the castle, swears that she has heard the mysterious drumming for years, and that she has taken many friends to the edge of the castle grounds, so that they, too, might hear the rather fearsome sound for themselves.

"There was a time several years ago," this woman relates, "when hardly a night passed without the drummer at his old post in the castle. And not one, but a hundred villagers, would

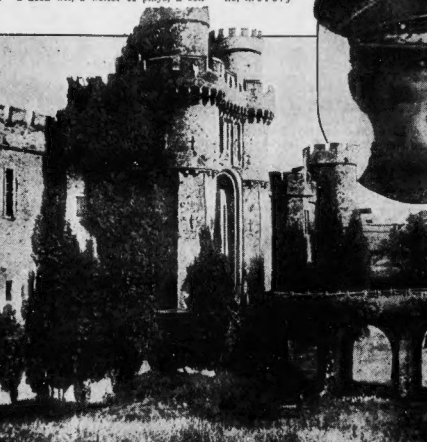
wait up until the old parish clock struck midnight, just to hear the drumming. Sometimes before the tapping began a dim, red light would be seen over the towers and ramparts of the castle, but it would fade quickly."

Other strange things have happened at Hurstmonceux, too, if the stories of the good people who live thereabouts can be credited. Every now and again the hoof beats of phantom horses are heard near the old gatehouse at the castle.

And from the narrow windows of an apartment known as "The Ladies' Bower" high up in one of the towers, there sometimes comes a sound that has been described as "muffled music."

The legends of the hoof beats and the music, however, are unimportant compared with that of the wraith whose drum so often breaks the stillness of the midnight air, for there are scores of people who are ready to swear by all they hold holy that they have heard the drumming with their own ears.

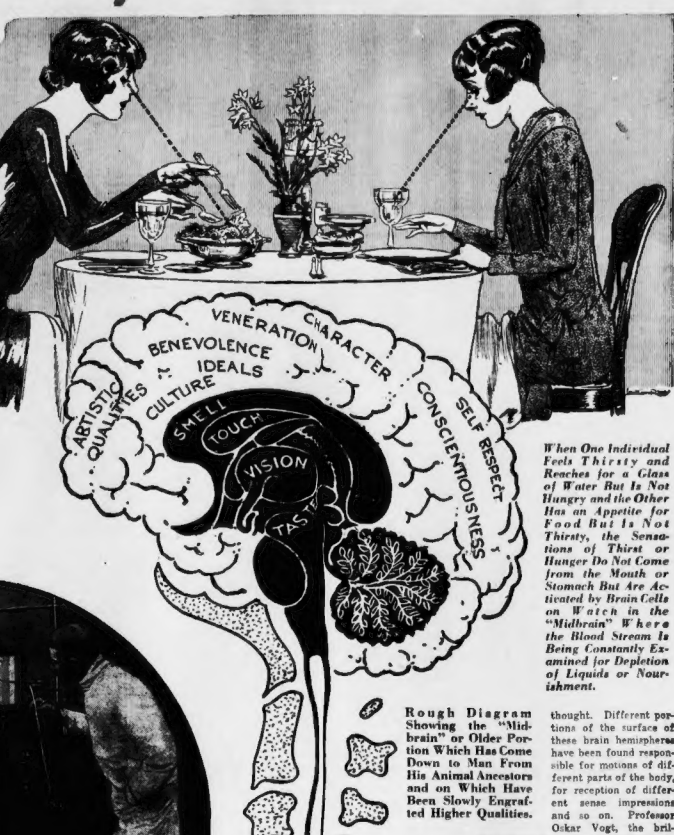
Colonel Louthier, the last owner and resident of Hurstmonceux, bought the ancient residence several years ago and



Hurstmonceux Castle, Sussex, Where the Ghostly Visitor Comes at Midnight to Play His Drum. And Above—The Late Col. Claude Louthier, Up on Whose Death the Castle Was Offered for Sale.

Science Slowly Unraveling The Mysteries of the Human Brain

Not Your Stomach, but Special Cells in the Middle of Your Head Tell When You Are Hungry and Thirsty; Why You Breathe Fast When You Run; Your Brain's "Private Secretary" That Attends to Routine



When One Individual Feels Thirsty and Reaches for a Glass of Water But Is Not Hungry and the Other Has an Appetite for Food But Is Not Thirsty, the Sensations Are Thirst or Hunger Do Not Come from the Mouth or Stomach But Are Acting from Brain Cells on Which in the "Midbrain" Where the Blood Stream Is Being Constantly Examined for Depletion of Liquids or Nourishment.

Rough Diagram Showing the "Midbrain" or Older Portion Which Has Come Down to Man From His Animal Ancestors and on Which Have Been Slowly Engraved Higher Qualities.

thought. Different portions of the surface of these brain hemispheres have been found responsible for motions of different parts of the body, for reception of different sense impressions and so on. Professor Oskar Vogt, the brilliant German anatomist of the brain whom Russian authorities invited recently to make the study of the brain of Lenin, believes that he can distinguish more than two hundred separate areas of the surface of the thinking brain, each little area charged with some specific duty.

More novel than these ideas, however, are recent discoveries about the duties of still another part of the brain, the so-called cerebellum. Placed underneath the rear portion of the thinking brain or cerebrum, this cerebellum is a sort of side issue of the brain stem. It is not intermediate between the thinking brain and the lower brain centers like those for hunger or breathing, instead it seemingly grows out on the side of this brain path, like a parking place alongside a highway. Millions of nerve paths enter it; millions of other ones leave.

If animals have this cerebellum, if it is removed the animals soon die. Injury to it in man is even more dangerous to life than injury to the thinking brain. Yet until the last few years no one could discover just what this remarkable side-brain was designed to do. Thanks again to investigations largely begun by the experiences of the war, it now seems probable that the cerebellum is a kind of confidential clerk and private secretary for the thinking brain; an assistant to do more perfectly the routine work which the thinking brain can do after a fashion but usually refuses to be bothered with. The thinking brain can direct, for example, all the motions of legs and arms needed for playing a game of football.

When new motions are being learned, as Mr. Smith learns to play the piano, the thinking brain actually does direct each motion. But so soon as the motions are well learned, as they must be by the skillful football player or the trained pianist, the detailed coordination of the motions is turned over to the cerebellum. The cerebellum does the general order; the skilled routine follows in the cells of the cerebellum.

If a business man has a good private secretary he needs only to say "write Mr. Smith a letter and tell him to do so and so." The private secretary will write a far better letter than her employer could do if he took a typewriter and tried it for himself. The thinking brain seems to be equally fortunate. Its routine tasks are done more better than its own limited skill would make possible.

Undoubtedly there exist, buried here and there amid the enormous complexity of the living cells and fibers of the human brain, scores of hundreds of other centers and organs the duties of which are as surprising and important as these. What some of these other brain centers are, still but dimly suspected by the physiologists, it is now the alluring task of brain investigators to discover.

Experiments on the Blood Pressure and Brain Activities of a Goat.

THE most mysterious machine that anybody can think about is the machine that does the thinking. A scientist might learn all about the Glacial Period. A blacksmith might know every bit of possible knowledge about how to heat and handle steel. A housewife might understand every last detail about how to run her oven and her vacuum cleaner. But no living human being, not even the greatest surgeon or the greatest scientist, can understand even a quarter or a tenth, perhaps not even a hundredth, of what goes on in the living, thinking human brain.

Yet science is making progress. During the war thousands of unfortunate soldiers were shot through the head or injured about the brain by shell splinters or in other ways. In accomplishing the marvels of surgery which they did accomplish on a goodly proportion of these injured fighters, the surgeons of all the nations, German as well as Allied, learned many new facts about where different functions are located in the brain tissues, and how the different parts of the brain ordinarily go about their work. The enormous start thus given to newer kinds of brain investigation has persisted since the end of the war.

By studying cases of brain disease or injury in hospitals, by experiments on lower animals, by the examination of the brains of abnormal persons after death, brain science has been making as great strides, perhaps, as any branch of human knowledge. Perhaps most novel and interesting of all the discoveries are facts which have been learned, not about the thinking part of the brain, but about the hitherto neglected parts of the skull's contents which act as helpers to that thinking organ; what might be called the routine staff of the mind's business office.

Very few people ever stop to wonder, for example, what it is that makes them feel thirsty. Recently Professor Erich Leschke, of Germany, took pains to discover, in an address not long ago, before the International Society for Empirical Philosophy, he described how a small nerve center located in the bulb of nerve tissues just at the top of the spine and underneath the main part of the brain, a bulb known technically as the "tuber cinereum," contains a living watchman whose duty it is to test continually the amount of salt in the blood, and thus to create or stop the sensation of thirst when the body needs water or does not need it. Too much salt in the blood calls for dilution. Accordingly, the watchman starts off a thirst message, the body feels thirsty, the man is thirsty.

In this same part of the brain, included in the portion which anatomists call the "midbrain," there is located, Professor Leschke believes, another nerve-center watchman which is able to detect the need of food and to cause the sensation of hunger. Other physiologists have long been aware that the fullness or emptiness of the stomach

has some effect on hunger; apparently, especially on the persistent, gnawing sensation which comes when one has had no food for a day or more. But that is not the essential thing, Professor Leschke asserts, in causing ordinary appetite. This is the duty of the newly discovered knot of nerve tissue deeply buried in the midbrain inside the skull.

This has been proved, the German investigator reports, by feeding the stork, both by filling it up with no food and by giving food without filling it up. The first is done by having the patient eat a large amount of some harmless but foodless material, like wood fiber. For a few moments there is a feeling of having had a meal. This feeling soon passes and hunger returns.

Apparently the food watchman in the lower brain is informed promptly by nerve messages of some kind that the stomach has been filled. Relying on this information, the watchman sits back for a while and waits for the food to arrive in the blood. It never comes. Presently the watchman suspects something wrong. Tests of the blood showing no food, the watchman sets up the hunger clamor again.

The converse experiment is done by injecting concentrated food, like a solution of grape sugar, directly into the veins. Under proper precautions this can be done without danger. The procedure is used, indeed, as a way of giving food to patients with some kind of acute digestive disturbance. When this is done, nothing goes into the stomach at all. That organ remains entirely empty. Nevertheless, as soon as the food sugar begins to circulate in the blood stream, the brain watchman calls off the hunger sensation. The arrival of the food is recognized without it and knows nothing about how it got in.

In this same small, bulbous stem below the thinking part of the brain, connecting it to the spinal cord that runs down the backbone, there exists, other physiologists believe, still another nerve center, able to test the blood in very much the same way for the amount of carbon dioxide that it contains. Carbon dioxide, remember, is accumulated in the blood by muscular exertion of any kind. Some of it accumulates all the time, even if the muscles are not used. It must be removed continually in the lungs and replaced by oxygen. That is the chief reason for breathing.

Everyone knows, also, that a person breathes faster or slower depending upon the amount of exercise that is taken. A runner pants violently; a person lying quietly in bed breathes slowly and easily. All this is controlled, the experts believe, by the carbon dioxide watchman in the brain. During violent exercise carbon dioxide may accumulate in the blood faster than the normal rate of breathing would remove it through the lungs.

That is the watchman's signal to get to work. Orders are sent out instantly to the muscles of the chest to be quickened and deepened the breathing, so that the accumulating carbon dioxide which the watchman does not like may be removed as rapidly as possible.

Recording Blood Pressure and Brain Action of a Rabbit.

ing violent exercise carbon dioxide may accumulate in the blood faster than the normal rate of breathing would remove it through the lungs. That is the watchman's signal to get to work. Orders are sent out instantly to the muscles of the chest to be quickened and deepened the breathing, so that the accumulating carbon dioxide which the watchman does not like may be removed as rapidly as possible.

These facts have even been put to practical use during the past year or two, following a suggestion of Professor Yandell Henderson of Yale. When attempts are being made to revive a person who has been drowned or who has been suffocated by gas or had air one of the chief difficulties is to get the respiration to start up normally. Professor Henderson suggested adding five per cent or so of carbon dioxide gas to the air or oxygen which such victims of accidents are given to breathe. By a few minutes of artificial respiration with such doctored air an excess of carbon dioxide is usually got into the blood.

If the brain watchman is still alive this increase of carbon dioxide is instantly detected and urgent orders for the increase of breathing are sent to the muscles of the chest—which is precisely what the physician in charge of the attempted resuscitation is trying to bring about.

In this same lower part of the brain, among tissues far more primitive and originating much farther back in animal evolution than the thinking brain cells, there lie, other experts believe, the centers responsible for many of the emotions, if not for most of them. Working in the Harvard laboratories of Professor Walter B. Cannon, world-famous physiologist, Dr. Philip Bard discovered a few months ago that even when the brain of a cat is severed by a painless surgical operation just above this lower, nervous-stem part of the animal's nervous apparatus, the cat still shows appropriate symptoms of rage, fear and other emotions.

As an evolutionary matter it is well known that rage and fear are far older than thought. Animals begin to fight



Diagram of Professor Pavlov's Famous Experiment With Animals. The Distinguished Russian Scientist Put Animals Under Ether and Cut Holes in Their Throats, Nursing the Wound Along So Tenderly That He Was Able to Heal Up the Injury and Leave a Permanent Opening in the Food Passage in the Throat. At the Same Time He Cut Into the Stomach and Sewed Into the Stomach Wall a Tube Which Empied Into a Corp. In This Way Professor Pavlov Was Able to Pass Food Through the Dog's Mouth and Out Its Throat While Collecting the Secretions of the Stomach and Performing Various Experiments.

and to run away long before they began to think. This fact seems to be reflected in the structure of the brain, for the lower brain stem is far older in the evolutionary sequence than the higher thinking portion and it is this lower stem, Dr. Bard finds, in which these emotions have their seat as well as where exist the living watchmen which guard such purely animal matters as hunger and thirst and breath.

Following up leads supplied by some of the war-time injuries which were of great severity, usually resulting ultimately in death, many brain physiologists have made other animal experiments like those of Dr. Bard on cats.

Brains of animals have been severed at different levels, all under painless anesthesia, so that functions of different parts of the brain stem could be determined, level by level, from the top of the spinal cord up to the beginning of the real thinking brain. In the lowest levels of all, it is found, reside the centers for seizing, swallowing and digesting food; actions which were necessary even to the lowliest worms with which the evolution of creatures leading to man is believed to have begun.

A little above these eating and digesting centers lie those which control posture; which enable an animal to move its legs correctly, to make running or walking movements and to stand erect. Still farther up are the centers that receive sensations from the skin and act on them, like the dog that turns around and sniffs when one pinches its flank. Still farther up the primitive brain stem, but not far

enough to get into the real brain, lies a knot of nerve tissue through which pass the nerves from the eyes. If the brain is cut apart just above this optic center the animal can still see and cut avoid obstacles by means of sight, but nothing is understood or remembered. Such a dog, for example, will avoid a person who comes toward it, but will not remember from day to day the person who gives it food or even that the thing seen is food.

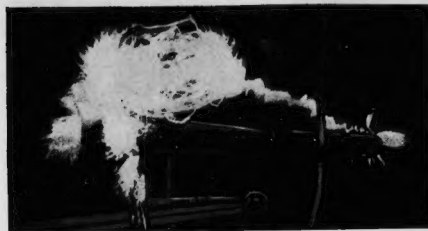
Such animals possess about as much brain as do the lowliest varieties of fish or the highest varieties of worms; which again agrees with the story of evolution, for the whole growing knowledge of the duties and actions of the lower part of the brain indicates that those portions still represent corresponding portions of the brain of ancient animals on the pathway of evolution and still conduct about the same duties as did those parts of the evolving animal brain in creatures for whom that was as far as brain had gone. All of which is perhaps one of the most interesting proofs of the essential truth of the theory of evolution.

One recent investigator, Dr. Gordon Holmes, believes that this same primitive brain organ which conducts the first handling and re-shuffling of impulses from the eyes also is able to perceive dimly some other sensations brought into the brain, for example, into a certain kind of sense of pain. If this is true, it is probably the first and lowest level of consciousness by all the other actions of lower centers are unconscious until they are notified and brought into consciousness by some higher center. The runner begins to breathe more deeply for example, even before he notices that it is necessary to do so.

The lower level of the brain does not perceive pain in precisely the same way, Dr. Holmes believes, as does the thinking part of the brain. He has had patients with brain injuries, he reports, who were able to recognize the difference. But if the lower brain perceives pain at all as a conscious thing, that is the beginning of consciousness, the beginning of the evolution of consciousness, it is very far from being true on purely philosophical grounds. All thinking, this theory would say, begins in getting hurt.

Above these unconscious, primitive, but deeply necessary centers in the stem of the brain comes the great mass of the thinking brain, divided into its two separate hemispheres each in control of one half of the body coated on its outer surface with the thin layer of grey matter of the brain. It is here that the living cells which are responsible, in some mysterious manner for

Cracking Open the Atom—the Finest Composite Thing in the World



A Giant Spark Leaping Between Two Gaps Under a Pressure of Nearly 5,000,000 Volts.

WRITERS of fiction and scientists have contemplated for many years the mysteries of the atom, which is the smallest composite thing in the world, the basic unit of all matter which makes up the things around us, and which is in itself a microscopic universe with suns and planets of incredible minuteness. Locked inside the atom are untold treasures—treasures of knowledge and energy and perhaps of limitless power. What would happen if the very heart of an atom could be disrupted and the tremendous power which actuates the rotation of those tiny planets released? It is generally agreed that the result would be spectacular, for that power—the power of one tiny atom—is equivalent to over two million times the weight for weight, the power of dynamite.

It is not at all unlikely that the world shall soon find out, for definite and promising attempts to crack open the atom and reveal its perplexing mysteries are already being made at the Carnegie Institution in Washington. Dr. G. Breit and M. A. Tuve, of the Institution's Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, have at last produced equipment for this interesting purpose. It consists of paraphernalia for producing hitherto unheard-of high voltage electricity. Thus far a pressure of 5,000,000 volts has been accomplished, and as soon as suitable vacuum tubes are constructed, it is hoped that this will be exceeded—and then the intriguing atom will be subjected to a disruption process.

In order to understand how an atom

may be cracked open and its power released, the elements of the atom must be subjected to a theoretical scrutiny. In all, there are ninety kinds of atoms which make up matter. They are grouped into molecules, or other assemblies, which provide visibility and make up the objects that we see. The atoms themselves are all about the same size. Measured in terms of inches, an atom has a diameter of a hundred millionth of an inch. But inside each atom there are many smaller things. In the very center is the nucleus which contains particles called protons. These, electrically, are positively charged. The nucleus is very much like a tiny sun, for around it revolve at tremendous speeds a collection of other particles which are called electrons. They are negatively charged and are not unlike tiny planets. Two positive charges repel each other, and so do two negatively charged objects. The question arises, then, why the negatively charged electrons do not repel each other and leave the atom. The answer is that the positive charge of the nucleus prevents them, for unlike polar-

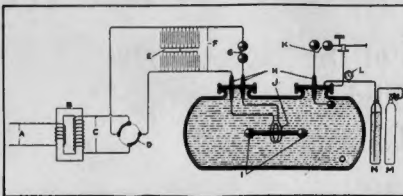
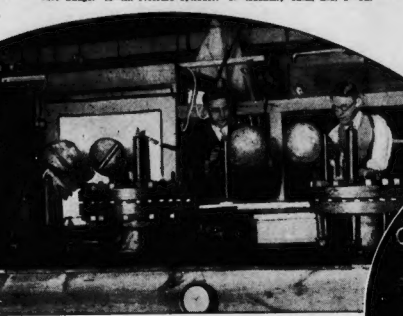


Diagram Showing the Method of Creating Vacuum of Sufficient Strength to Enable the Release of the Energy of an Atom. The diagram shows the method of creating vacuum of sufficient strength to enable the release of the energy of an atom. The diagram shows the method of creating vacuum of sufficient strength to enable the release of the energy of an atom.

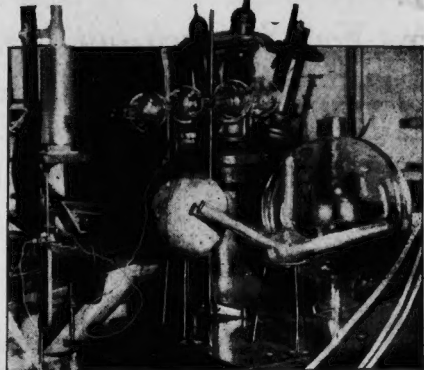


The Five-Million Volt Apparatus Developed by Scientists of the Carnegie Institution.

ities attract. But if an outside positive charge greater than that of the nucleus is applied, the electrons will fly to it. That is what happens every day in the vacuum tubes of radio sets. High positive voltages, therefore, when applied to an atom can rob it of electrons and change its semblance. But the nucleus is invulnerable in its central mass in the atom, and it is this mass that science must penetrate before the atom can be cracked. The nucleus is very much smaller than the atom itself. For comparing its size with the atom, it would be necessary to compare a football with the earth.

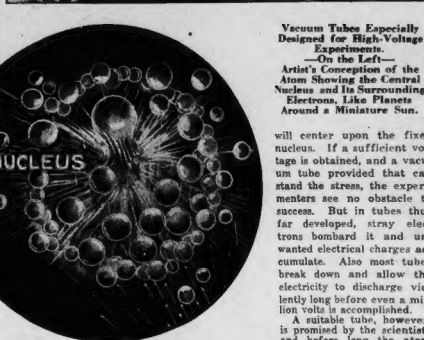
In chemical actions on the atom the electrons are transferred from one nucleus to another, and the number and shape of the electron orbits determine what kind of an atom is left. But combining one substance with another is entirely different from attacking the atom's heart. To break down the nucleus where the power lies, the particles must be bombarded with projectiles traveling at terrific speeds.

To do this, Dr. Breit and Tuve have resorted to the use of a high-frequency



Vacuum Tubes Especially Designed for High-Voltage Experiments.

On the Left—Artist's Conception of the Central Nucleus and Its Surrounding Electrons, Like Planets Around a Miniature Sun.



will center upon the fixed nucleus. If a sufficient voltage is obtained, and a vacuum tube provided that can stand the stress, the experimenters see no obstacle to success. But in tubes thus far developed, stray electrons bombard it and unwanted electrical charges accumulate. Also most tubes break down and allow the electricity to discharge violently long before even a million volts is accomplished.

A suitable tube, however, is promised by the scientists and before long the atom may be forced to give up all its secrets and its energy.

their normal positions in the atom, the bombardment of electrical projectiles

How China Deals With Speeders

FOR a long time China resisted the march of Western civilization, but when the nation behind the great wall finally gave in, the surrender was absolute. One of the gifts of the West to the East which was most eagerly accepted was the automobile. Within a short time after the introduction of the motor car into China, the jin-riksha was supplanted by the auto. There are still jin-rikshas in China, of course, but they are curiosities, relics of the past rather than practical conveyances. Many of the jin-riksha drivers have become taxi drivers.

Coolies who are so poor they have to wear the same suit of clothes until it drops off their backs in shreds somehow manage to save enough money to

invest in a dilapidated but running auto. The motor car, while common enough now in the Orient, is still too new to be accepted as a matter of course. One of the perplexities of the Chinese police is how to deal with speed demons. The naive Chinese, amazed to find by stepping on a metal accelerator they can go with the speed of the wind, are apt to forget that such a thing as speed exists. Inasmuch as the cities of China are laid out with no regard for motor traffic, the accidents and casualties have been many.

A Chinese motorist who is arrested for speeding drives a scolding the first time, a fine the second.

But on the third offense, the punishment is very much different from that usually meted out in America. Speeders in the United States are usually haled into court on the third occasion, fined again, and then sent to jail. If they are caught driving a car without this, then, a jail sentence is probable.

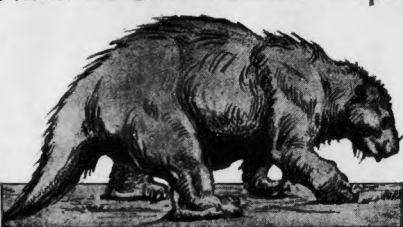
On the third offense by a Chinese motorist or chauffeur, the prisoner does not have to give up his license, but instead is presented with a stock. This is a large wooden affair not unlike a small platform, so constructed that it fits and is locked around his neck. He must put it on and wear it a week with one of these heavy collars has been said to cure the most acute case of speeditis.

It is said that the taxi-drivers of Paris are the most reckless in the world. They send their tiny cabs hurtling and charging along the streets with apparent disregard for life and limb. Yet the percentage of accidents is surprisingly small in Paris. Apparently the Eastern mind, unaccustomed to mechanical devices, has not yet completely learned to master the intricacies of motor travel. In some of the interior villages of China, far removed from the great cities, when there is something wrong with a car, a magic ying is called in rather than a garage mechanic.



Chinese Chauffeur for a Foreign Resident of China, Wearing the Ancient Neck Stock. He Was Sentenced to Wander About for Ten Days in This Apparatus for Violating the Speed Laws.

Nature's Own Animal Traps



Scientific Sketch Reconstructing the Notherotherium Made by Charles R. Knight and on Exhibition in the National Museum in Washington.

NATURE now and then constructs a trap for animals.

There is one not far from Los Angeles, an ancient asphalt pool, wherein numerous creatures long ago extinct, were caught, so that their bones were preserved for the instruction of modern science.

Another is the big hole at Canon Diablo, Ariz., half a mile in diameter, which was made by the impact of a giant meteor, or "falling star," probably in prehistoric times. It is some hundreds of feet deep, with almost vertical walls, and its bottom is strewn with skeletons of animals that, tumbling into it, have been unable to climb out again.

Yet another, very remarkable, has been newly discovered in Texas, ninety miles northwest of El Paso. It is a deep cleft in a volcanic crater (long ago extinct), which, it is believed, is destined to prove a veritable mine of prehistoric bones.

There was a huge mammal, related to the giant sloth, which lived 100,000 years or more ago. A few of its bones were found, and scientists called it the Notherotherium. Recently Texan wrote the National Museum at Washington that he had come across a strange and monstrous skeleton while exploring the desert, and that he would like to sell it. His description of the skeleton suggested that it was perhaps the bony framework of a Notherotherium, and investigation was made.

This proved to be actually the case. The skeleton was found to be complete in all its parts, with every bone

in place, and there were even patches of the beast's skin and hair. As ascertained the discoverer had raked it out of a crack in the above-mentioned crater of an old volcano.

It was purchased by the Peabody Museum of Natural History at Yale. But, though considered most valuable, the really important discovery was of the rocky fissure from which it came. The cleft had evidently been for ages a trap for animals, whose bones are today buried beneath a thick layer of hot guano.

A joint expedition of the National Museum and Peabody Museum has been organized, to investigate the contents of the fissure, and digging has already begun, the first thing necessary being to remove the deposit of guano. The cleft is expected to yield bones of many species of animals long extinct, throwing light upon the fauna of that region during the ancient epoch called the Pleistocene.

The Notherotherium bore somewhat the aspect of a gigantic bear, but was extremely sluggish and probably very stupid. In its day a luxuriant semitropical vegetation covered what are now the deserts of the Southwest, and this remarkable creature was presumably a dweller in the jungle. It was a plant feeder, subsisting on foliage and berries.

It is thought that the fissure may yield skeletons of Pleistocene animals as yet unknown to science. Whatever the trap may contain, however, are likely to be well preserved by the dry air of that region and by the deposit of guano covering them.

Twin Beauties' Joke on Experts

BUDAPEST.

AN interesting controversy was recently settled in Budapest between the Epp twins, Lolo and Inge, and a coterie of beauty experts. Lolo and Inge are stage favorites of Budapest. The claim was made by their manager that they were the only really perfect set of twins in the world. A group of experts undertook to point out numerous differences between Lolo and Inge. The challenge was accepted. The impresario said he would submit a photograph of one of the Epp twins to the experts, and he declared that they could not, as a group, decide which one of the twins it was.

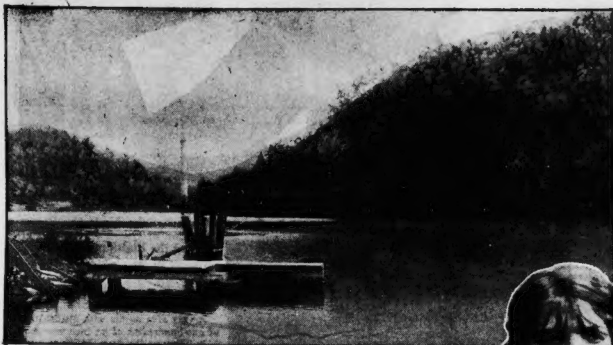
A photograph was duly submitted to the experts. It showed one of the Epp twins posing before a mirror, smiling at her exact counterpart. The experts sat in judgment before this photograph, and could not come to any sort of unanimous decision. They were made to feel rather foolish when it was announced that the picture was one of both the twins. The mirror was not really a mirror. It was Inge looking at Lolo through a frame.



Misses Inge and Lolo Epp, Hungarian Beauties, Who, in This Photograph, Pose as One Girl. The Reflection in What Appears to Be a Mirror, is Really Lolo, Who Looks So Much Like Inge That the Beauty Experts Were Fooled.

Drowned the Bridegroom as a Wedding Joke

Tragic and Unexpected End of the Neighborly Bridal Hazing Which Brought the Honeymoon of Young Gabriel Hughes to an End Almost Before It Had Begun



Jenkins Lake, in Eastern Kentucky, Showing the Pier From Which the Bridegroom Was Thrown by the Hazing Party—And Lost His Life.

"YOU'RE drowning him! Pull him out!" screamed the bride of young Gabriel Hughes whose friends had just thrown him into the waters of Jenkins Lake, in eastern Kentucky.

But the young men on the pier only roared with laughter, and so did a dozen or more girls and boys watching from the shore. It was such a joke, they thought, for the bride to shriek and carry on like that, just because her husband was being ducked. So they watched her instead of the man in the dark water, until she fainted, and then they began to notice that Hughes had gone down, and the suspicion dawned on them that what the bride had tried to tell them was true. Her husband had been drowned by his grinning friends, right before her eyes. Gabriel Hughes is dead, his widow is a nervous wreck, who will have to go to a mental hospital for a while, and his mother is broken-hearted—but nothing is to be done to the careless young gentlemen who took his life. Some of them did not believe that their victim could not swim, and those who did had not noticed that the water was twelve feet deep.

The young men are sorry, they have apologized to the bereaved mother and bride, and blamed it to the ancient custom of charivari or chivane, which, in some parts of the country, still gives the neighbors a license to tease and persecute the newly married. In the cities only the vestiges of this savage and barbarous tradition are to be seen in old shoes and signs attached to the automobile in which the bridal pair departs from the wedding ceremony. These and a few other embarrassing tricks designed to make the start of married life as uncomfortable as possible usually are soon circumvented by the modern sophisticated couples and probably rarely mar the honeymoon. But in some rural districts it remains a calamity that not only helps wreck many a marriage at the start but, as in the Kentucky tragedy, has actually caused death.

Now that the unfortunate groom is in his grave, his bride and many others say that he had a premonition of tragedy. But his may have been no more than the dread old superstition that on their wedding day approached of being publicly tormented and humiliated at the time of their life when they most needed to be left in peace.

In 1928, "Gabriel" Hughes, grandson of Mrs. Corn Hughes, widow, graduated from the Pikeville College Institute of Pikeville, Kentucky, where he had made a study of mining. He soon went to work with the Consolidation Coal Co. at Jenkins, in Eastern Kentucky, and there fell in love with Josie Mae Davis. Josie, a pretty eighteen-year-old girl, had just moved from her birthplace at Zelma, in the mountains of Lenoir, to the town of Jenkins with her sister, Mrs. Ethel Collins, at Dunham, just outside of Jenkins.

Fate worked rapidly and ruthlessly on the ill-fated pair. They both moved to the vicinity of Jenkins, but as Josie, day in and day out, was a week ahead of him, and in less than a week had met and fallen in love at first sight. Obstacles to the idea that two persons can live as cheaply as one.

"Just give me the money you spend as a bachelor in a boarding-house, and I'll make it do for both of us," she said. But Fate was not to give the brave little maiden her chance to prove it.

Hughes hesitated for some time. It did not seem right to take advantage of the girl's optimism. His mother was against it at first, but after studying Josie, changed her mind and advised her son that he was taking no chance with a girl like that. There was also to be considered the man to whom he owed his college money. It would not be fair to take on new obligations before that debt had been paid. But the old gentleman who had made the loan considered Josie Mae not a liability but an asset. He said:

"No, you take her. A man with a wife like that is a better risk than a bachelor, any day. That sort of girl is getting scarce and hard to find. I'd marry her myself, if I were a little younger."

So, with the kindest of intentions, the three best friends had urged the young man to his doom.

And finally Gabriel shyly confessed to his friends that some day he was going to marry Josie Mae. He was no surprise because plenty of other youths had cast an interested eye on the mountain girl and they had not failed to notice that Hughes was the favored one. They congratulated him but they also teased him and showed a curiosity as to the date of the wedding, always a suspicious sign in men because the male considers such functions a bore and nuisance. Hughes soon realized that he would be in for an experience of charivari, a thing he had heard of but never worried about, as something far in the future, like gray hairs and rheumatism. But now he looked into it.

It seemed that practically every married person in the neighborhood had suffered from it, and their parents and grandparents before them. Apparently it was as old and established as churches and taxes. The general method was for the groom's male friends and some that were not so friendly to visit him the first night he brought his bride to their new abode. It might be the night after the wedding. If the couple went straight home, if they had a honeymoon first the visitation was only delayed until some night soon after their return.

Knowing what was in store, the couple would lie awake for a while, listening in uncomfortable expectancy and finally be roused from slumber by the roar of shotgun fired off under the windows. Then would come the tread of feet on the porch, and the unwelcome callers would have to be admitted. The bride was never molested but with winks and grins, she was ordered to come with them and be initiated into the ancient and honorable order of married men.

If the bride "took on," she was informed that it was for her own good that she and her husband should be made to realize the seriousness of married life. Anyway, they took him whether she protested or not. The ceremony consisted of rough "horse play," such as spanking him with bare hands, riding him through town on a rail and ducking him in a pond.

Whether she protested or not, the ceremony consisted of rough "horse play," such as spanking him with bare hands, riding him through town on a rail and ducking him in a pond. But from resentment at being made to look cheap in the eyes of his mountaineer bride, to the point where he took them they did not practice charivari

answered by the explanation that he was softened down by the fact that it would prevent him from running away with a blonde.

These outrages could usually be softened down by the fact that it would prevent him from running away with a blonde. Gabriel, however, was not so easily satisfied. He was a very small house and collected the bare necessities for two hopeful young people to start house-keeping. It was going to be hard sledding, yet all they asked was to be let alone. But that seems to be too much to ask of the human race.

Soon Gabriel's activities were discovered and he admitted the marriage but pretended it had occurred a long time before. That made no difference; he must be characterized just the same. Nor could he get it over with while Josie Mae was away. That would deprive the hours of the cruel pleasure of worrying the bride as well as shaming the husband in her eyes.

As Fate would have it the thing happened on the night she returned, which



Young Gabriel Hughes, the Unfortunate Bridegroom.

much because the men there are too quick with a rifle or shotgun for such pastimes to be safe. This worry was one of the reasons why the date was never given out and the marriage when it did occur, late this Summer, was secret.

The two quietly drove to Whitesburg, twenty miles away, got the license and, at midnight, accompanied only by the bride's sister, were married by the Rev. O. V. Caudill. To keep the secret, Gabriel left his bride at her father's house and returned to his boarding house. The next morning he visited her mother's home in Zelma, remaining several weeks, preparing her little trousseau while Gabriel contemplated the making of a very small house and collected the bare necessities for two hopeful young people to start house-keeping. It was going to be hard sledding, yet all they asked was to be let alone. But that seems to be too much to ask of the human race.

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As Fate would have it the thing happened on the night she returned, which

was really their wedding night. After their first supper, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes walked from their humble little nest to the grocery. Returning, with arms about each other's waists, they were confronted by four forms rising out of the dark. William Lester, Robert Hogg, Ed Osborn and Arthur Draughn, all supposedly good friends of Hughes.

They had a car and told him to come along. The bride protested, but Gabriel thought it better to have the girl with him instead of waiting and listening all night and he went without resistance.

The party drove to the edge of the lake where two more friends, James Varner and William Wright, with a small party of spectators were assembled near a concrete pier to see the fun. The proceeding had hardly started when another car drove up and out of it jumped the bride. Seeing her husband on the pier in the grasp of Varner and Wright, she demanded that they let him go. The spectators on the shore held the girl while everyone howled with amusement at this unexpected feature.

"Throw him in!" someone cried, and the two grinning young chumps obeyed without thinking whether the water was deep or if the man could swim. A roar of approval went up from the spectators, and only the frantic bride saw that the bridegroom's face dimly appeared for an instant just beneath the surface, no arm extended upward as though in appeal.

"He's drowning! You're drowning him!" she screamed, and again everyone laughed, until she fainted. Then they noticed that Hughes was gone. The bride was right. They dove into the dark water, but it was ten minutes before they found the body, and then it was too late.

Varner and Wright were arrested on charges of Privilege of Jeopardy and brought before Judge Noah Bentley. But there was clearly no intent to kill, so they were released without a hearing, in which the Judge told the

Young Hughes, the Bridegroom, Was Taken Out to the End of the Little Pier, While a Dozen or More of the Wedding Party Stood Along the Shore and His Anxious Bride Watched Close By. And Then the Two Hazers, Who Were the Ringleaders in the Tragic Wedding Joke, Suddenly Seized Hughes by the Arms and Threw Him into the Deep, Cold Water.

A Roar of Approval and of Laughter Went Up From the Spectators. The Bridegroom's Face Dimly Appeared for an Instant Just Under the Surface of the Pool. One Arm Was Extended as Though in Appeal. "He's drowning!" Screamed the Bride. And Again Everyone Laughed.

But the Bride Was Right. Hughes Was Drowning. He Never Came Up Again. And Ten Minutes Later His Lifeless Body Was Dragged Out of the Water.

court room that such things would not happen if people would only learn to mind their own business and let other people alone.

A few years ago Wright Albertson, hard working young rancher of the Imperial Valley, California, had succeeded in conquering the shifting sands at the desolate expanse of sun-baked earth he had "staked out" some years before. With the help of irrigation water, he had harvested. Then good crops, had some money in the bank and felt he was on the way to prosperity.

Wright had a girl in Oregon who had waited five years for him. His neighbors, were good hearted pioneers, like himself, but amusements were few and far between and the infrequent weddings in the valleys were always handled rather roughly. There are no lakes in the Imperial Valley into which to duck newlyweds, but there are long reefs of glittering, burning sand.

Before he met his fiancée in Los Angeles and there married her, Albertson had begged his neighbors not to put her through the usual hazing, but not understand it, he told them, not to do those things. His neighbors only smiled and winked at each other.

Long Beach and Santa Monica and other Los Angeles beaches, they expected to be left in peace. But the postcard and the argument of the neighbors had other plans. The very first night they were home the young couple were aroused from their slumber, ordered to dress and come forth, knowing resistance would be useless. Wright hurriedly appeared to his wife of two weeks.

When they appeared, they were put into the front seat of a desert fever, their arms hand-cuffed together, their feet tied so they could not work the brakes, and the car started across the moonlit flat expanse of sand. Tragedy was swift and sudden. The little car soon struck a boulder, tipped over and crashed the couple underneath. When the horrified "lovers" were rescued, the couple, the little bride was dead and Wright was unconscious. His life was saved, but he lost his ranch and ruin the valley.

Unlucky Queen Shub-ad of Ur as She Was 6,000 Years Ago

Science Reconstructs From a Few Mouldering Bones the Face of the Royal Lady of Abraham's City Whose Skull Was Shattered When Her Husband Died So Her Soul Could Go With His

"The Reas Caught in a Thicket." A Statue With Gold Face and Legs, Silver Belly, Shelled Pliers and Shunlers, Horns and Eyes of Lapis-Lazuli—and a Tree of Gold. One of the Most Remarkable Examples of Ancient Art Ever Discovered, Found in Queen Shub-Ad's Grave, and the Significance of Which Is Entirely Unknown.

QUEEN SHUB-AD, who reigned in Ur of the Chaldees, the City of Abraham, about 6,000 years ago, is one of the most fascinating figures of the dawn of human history.

Many intelligent persons would like to know more about her, and this curiosity is now to be gratified, for science has completely rebuilt the Queen as she really looked in life, with her glowing flesh, her regal figure, her robes and her ornaments of gold.

By similar methods of measurement scientists have completely reconstructed the half human Pithcanthropus Erectus, who lived a million and a half years ago, from the top of his skull, a thigh bone and two teeth; and the Heidelberg man of half a million years ago from his lower jaw bone.

Queen Shub-ad first aroused the interest of the world when Prof. C. Leonard Woolley, director of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to Ur, discovered her vast burial pit, where she was placed with her beautiful jewels, her vanity boxes, her household utensils, her ladies-in-waiting, her maids and her soldiers, who were killed with her to escort her properly to the world beyond.

And then it was found that the Queen also was a victim, for she had been killed when her husband died, and the top of her skull removed that her soul might escape to join him.

So much of interest was learned about the Queen and her life that it was naturally desired to know what she looked like. The university enjoys the services of an expert, the Rev. Dr. Leon Legrain, who has specialized in reconstructing the faces and figures of early men and women from small fragments of their bones.

Dr. Legrain was a member of the expedition to Ur and he set about restoring Queen Shub-ad's face and figure soon after her body was found. His work has been so successful that it is regarded as the most outstanding achievement of its kind in this department of science up to date.

Dr. Legrain found the mouldering fragments of a skull beneath many layers of handbags. The general proportions of the skull were there, but no untrained individual would have thought it possible to evoke from that

mostly shattered relic the flesh and blood appearance of the Queen.

The Queen's nose was gone, because it is composed of processes softer than ordinary bones, but much of the skull was there. Almost all of the teeth were intact.

Dr. Legrain and his colleagues have learned to know the expression and contour of a lost face from the size and shape of the bone underneath and the points of attachment of the muscles. In this case it had to be borne in mind that the deceased belonged to a forgotten race, whose features may have been different from those of any living race. This necessitated a great amount of extra study and labor.

A new clay model was built up of the original skull, upon which the features were gradually moulded in plaster. The distance between the eye-sockets, height of face and prominence of jaws were measured. From this it was possible to tell the general type of the living face, following a chart compiled by the Anthropological Congress.

A problem was then to decide how a woman of Ur 6,000 years ago would differ from a modern woman in expression. Presumably she was more primitive, cruel, of coarser fibre. Very early portraits from Mesopotamia show persons of quite different expression from any living today, but allowance must be made for the eccentricities of early artists.

Dr. Legrain examined all the statues and frescoes of periods near the time of Queen Shub-ad. He obtained much

help from a small painted statue in the Louvre Museum in Paris of a goddess of Shub-ad's time. These goddesses were made in the likeness of human beings, a reversal of the biblical concept that man was made in the image of God.

Considerable allowance must be made before accepting these deities as accurate statues of the women of the time. The artists then, as in later times, were accustomed to exaggerate the figure of the subject in order to produce a certain impression or to follow the fashion. The sculptors of Ur 6,000 years ago gave their goddesses exaggerated hips, in order to emphasize the sex difference in figure.

Dr. Legrain also controlled his reconstruction of Queen Shub-ad by a composite photograph of thirty women living near the place of the find. Research has now shown that they are, in large part, directly descended from the compatriots of the great Queen.

The first individual was placed in a certain position and photographed, the second was placed in the same position and photographed on the same negative, and so on until the whole thirty had been taken. In every case the chin, forehead, nose and other leading features were held in the same place.

In the final picture every feature common to the entire group stands out boldly, while those peculiar to only one or two persons are lost.

The relation between the skull and the

overlying flesh is now so thoroughly understood from dissection of thousands of heads, that there is little room for error in restoring a lost face.

In fact, faces have been replaced on bony skulls by police officials and have proved so accurate and life-like that they were promptly identified by friends of the deceased.

In the nose, for example, the nasal bones extend a long way down the profile and give such a definite beginning to the outline that there is practically but one possible way of completing the contour.

It is harder to reconstruct the mouth than the nose, but from observations on the living, the mouth slit seems to coincide with the line formed by the edges of the upper teeth, and to extend upon each side to about the middle of the second bicuspid tooth.

These points Dr. Legrain fixed upon his clay model of Queen Shub-ad's skull by inserting tooth picks and fastening them in the proper position by platinums. They remained in place and gave the proper location for important external features during the subsequent progress of the work and at any level to which the platinums was

built. When the mouth was nearly completed they were withdrawn and the holes obliterated.

The size and fullness of the lips are indicated by the position of the middle points above and below them.

The slope of the teeth and gums and the exact position of the mouth slit made the form of Queen Shub-ad's sensuous lips a certainty.

For each eye socket a platinums eyeball was constructed of the proper size to allow sufficient space for the eye-muscles, glands and other surrounding structures. These eyeballs were fixed on a little bed of cotton, previously packed into the deepest part of the orbit.

In most people a ruler held upright over the closed eye will touch the eyebrow, the point of the eyeball and the cheek bone. In persons of a certain type the eye will project somewhat beyond this position. Queen Shub-ad belonged to this type and so she was furnished with large, bold, prominent eyes.

When the character of the eyes had been fixed, the surroundings were completed by laying on the lids. It was unquestionable that a woman of her type would have long, dark lashes and well-marked, arched eyebrows.

There remained the matter of fixing the color of Queen Shub-ad's eyes and her complexion in general. It was almost practically certain that a woman of her type would have dark eyes, thick, black hair and a dark complexion. A certain amount of assumption was necessary on these matters, but



Giving the Finishing Touches to the Reconstructed Head of Queen Shub-Ad, Which Was Tenderly Placed Beside Her in Her Grave.

Reverend Father Dr. Leon Legrain, of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, Who Made the Reconstruction of Queen Shub-Ad, Putting the Finishing Touches to Her Coiffure.

the chances were more than a hundred to one that it was correct.

A very fine needle with graduations of one-hundredths of an inch was used in building up the face. A great number of tiny plaster pyramids, varying in height, were built up all over the Queen's skull. They represented the thickness of the muscles. The next step was to connect them with a layer of platinums, the surface of which was flush with the tops of the pyramids.

Dr. Legrain is an artist of high ability and his talents enabled him to finish the expression of Queen Shub-ad's face and her costume in a manner corresponding to an intelligent conception of her character.

Science already knew much about her. Above her head in the tomb was her golden headdress, worn originally over a great wig of which some of the hairs still remained. The headdress had kept its shape. Coil after coil of gold ribbon wound itself around where the wig had rested. Where the Queen's forehead had been, there was a frontlet of lapis lazuli and carnelian beads from which hung heavy rings of gold. Higher up was a wreath of large golden mulberry leaves; hanging in another string of gold, above this still was a royal wreath of large golden flowers whose petals were inlaid with lapis and light shell.

Where had been Shub-ad's little ears, there were enormous gold earrings.

And towering over the top of the mutilated head was a golden ornament like a Spanish comb, shaped like a hand with seven fingers, each of which ended in a golden flower.

Around the fragments of her knees were her elaborate lapis and carnelian garters, very dainty, not very different from those revealed by many a short skirt today.

There was little enough left of her neck and the upper part of the body—but a tight fitting necklace of jewels and gold still kept its shape, and her funeral cloak, that had been covered with vertical rows of beads of gold and lapis, carnelian and agate, with borders of equally precious beads set in horizontal golden rings, was as fresh and new almost as when it was buried with her.

"The rest of the grave area was literally a shambles, for in the narrow spaces were strewn fifty basins of those sacrificed," writes Dr. Woolley.

"Along one side are men, their daggers on their hips.

"Against the foot of the tomb lay the chief ladies of the harem, eleven of them wearing what must have been full court regalia, consisting of an elaborate headdress of gold ribbon, wreaths of gold mulberry leaves, long strings of lapis and carnelian and great gold earrings.

All of these lovely and delicate women of the court and harem had been slain so that the dead King and Queen might have their retinue in the next world.

A Fragment From the Queen's Tomb Showing the Royal Chariot—Springless, With Crude Leather Tires, and Not Very Comfortable, Apparently.



How Hollywood's Movie Failures Earn Their Living?

They Flock There From All Over the Country and Give It the Prettiest Chicken Farm Workers, Waitresses, Peddlers and Sales Girls in All the World—and Most of Them Eternally Wait for the Miracle That Will Turn Them Into the Stars They Hoped to Be



Paulette Ray, Who Tired of Cows and Coyotes on a Ranch in New Mexico, Thought She Could Become a Movie Star, Was Wrong, and Now Sells Box Lunches to Motorists on a Street Corner.

THOUSANDS of beautiful girls and hundreds of handsome boys annually arrive in Hollywood to "go into the movies." Scarcely one in a thousand lands a job. Perhaps one in ten thousand gets a chance, makes good and is raised to feature parts or even stardom.

But what becomes of the other thousands, the thousands who day by day stand before the doors of the casting directors?

Throughout Hollywood and all Los Angeles film-struck young folks are scattered, doing all manner of work, still hoping in most instances that their big chance some day will come. Still optimistic, still thrilled over the thought of pictures, their courage is amazing. The idea of feeling depressed or embittered does not enter their minds. They feel they still are "on location somewhere in pictureland," and they must wait.

In the meantime they must eat, and in order to eat they must work, and in order to work they must have jobs, and in order to get jobs they must make anything that comes along.

And that's exactly what they do. On the outskirts of Los Angeles is a chicken ranch known as Runnymede Farms. On its 100 acres is what is said to be the largest poultry farm in the world. The plant houses 300,000 laying hens, 200,000 baby chicks, produces 30,000,000 eggs annually and consumes more than 1,000,000 pounds of poultry feed each year. It is a haven for disappointed movie talent.

Thousands of girls are employed as "hen turners." Their duties are to feed the poultry, gather the eggs and otherwise make themselves useful. Needless to say, they are the most beautiful bargeyard workers in the world. But the girls are happy, well fed and contented, despite the fact they are subject to countless jokes regarding "chickens" and chickens. And they all dream of getting back into the movies some day.

But on Wilshire Boulevard one of the heaviest arteries of traffic in Los Angeles, there stands, in the early hours of the morning, Paulette Ray, a little brunette with a dimple in each cheek and eyes a hazel-blue, selling box-lunches to motorists driving toward the outlying studios. Paulette came from a ranch in New Mexico to crash her way into pictures. But she didn't "crash."

"About all I did was to ride around in these suburban buses," Paulette explained, "looking for a job. I did get one with Olive Borden—two days' work at \$7.50 a day. Then my career went blank! It took a talkie or a newsreel or something. When little Paulette came to, she had just sixty-five cents."

"Child," I said to myself, "if you have any particular fondness for food, you better tie yourself on to some job and leave the movies flat. They'll



Frank Marion, Who Went to Hollywood to Take Rudolph Valentino's Place, Found He Couldn't. Managed to Buy a Little Lunch Place, and Now Is in Demand as an "Extra" in Any Scene Where "Hot Dogs" or Toasted Frankfurters Appear.

manage to get along somehow without you if they have no bad luck. You just spun 'em for awhile."

"So I asked a girl selling two-bit lunches if she knew where and how I could arrange to eat. She got me this job and now I make \$3.50 a day—some days."

"You see, I got tired of gazing into the dreamy eyes of cows and listening to the wails of coyotes at night, out there on the ranch. And everybody said: 'Why don't you go into the movies? You look like Barbara Kent!'"

"I saw Miss Kent the other day, and if I look like her, Peggy Joyce is the image of Cleopatra. I really belong

Sophie Constantine, Who Had a Perfect Movie Name and Hitch-Hiked to Hollywood From Fort Worth, Texas, With Her Mother, and When She Couldn't Get a Job in the Movies Became a Waitress in a Restaurant—And She Still Has Hopes.

back there on the open range. I know it now. But I can't go back and have everyone looking at me funny. Some day I must get another chance in the movies. That's my ambition."

All up and down the boulevard, at prominent corners, are girls selling boxes of food, some of them pretty as canoes, some looking worn and tired. And then there is Reta de la Riva, in the Robertson department store—a black-eyed, brown-haired little bundle of animation, who sells ribbon. Reta was born in Oregon, lived in a convent until thirteen, went to Walla Walla, Washington, where she won a dancing contest, and then attended the Cushing School of Dancing in Denver. Left an orphan, she inherited several thousand dollars and headed for Hollywood.

"An 'I want broke' she explains, "I camped in front of studio gates till I think the guards got tired of seeing me about. I'd get out bright and early and stand around close to the casting offices; then when some 'extra' girl failed to show up, I'd howl for the job. A lot of times I'd get it, too. I kept this up for months."

"One morning I woke up with just a little of my last dollar left."

"An 'my boy friend says—'You've got the right stuff in you, kid. You go on and work."

"So I went down to this department store and told 'em all sorts of things—how I knew all about handkerchiefs and linens, where I'd worked, and what a high-powered salesgirl I was. I never



Reta de la Riva, Whose Friends All Told Her She Looked So Much Like Lillian Gish, She Was Bound to Make a Great Success in the Movies, but Didn't, and Now Is Head of a Ribbon Counter in a Local Store, but Still Nurses Her Film Ambitions.

Arjine Batchelor and Kiki Kellitt also failed to land lucrative cinema roles. So they went to work in Henry's Restaurant, on Hollywood boulevard, where Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies, Bessie Love, Laura Le Plante, Louise Fazenda, Harold Lloyd and many other picture stars drop in for late supper. They took jobs as waitresses and it wasn't long before they were offered bits to do in pictures. Which they promptly accepted. But they were wise enough to hang on to their restaurant jobs by working at night.

The fact that a girl works in a food palace is by no means deterrent to a film career. Sophie Constantine also learned this when she arrived in Hollywood.

Less than a year ago she and her

A Group of Girls Drawn to Hollywood From All Parts of the Country by the Hope of Success in the Motion Pictures, and Who Now Make Their Living by Working on One of the Big Chicken Farms Feeding the Hens and Gathering the Eggs.

mother found themselves in Fort Worth, Texas, with exactly \$10 to their names, and Sophie wanted to get into the pictures. Their total wealth was not sufficient to pay railroad fare to the Coast.

"Well, mother," said Sophie, "let's walk. We'll get some rides and it won't take long." So mother and daughter bought overalls, and at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon started down the road. On the back of the sixteen-year-old girl's jumper was a placard—"California or Bust." In one of her pockets was a bar of soap, a toothbrush, some toothpaste and a lipstick. They had a small cotton blanket and two raincoats between them. The first night out they slept on a table in a picnic camp. Then a motorist gave them a lift, and pretty soon another picked them up. By hitch-hiking they made Hollywood in five days. Their longest walk was through the sandy wastes of Arizona, fifteen miles, at night.

"Oh, shocks, we didn't mind it," Sophie said. "We just kept on, and one kid driver after another gave us a lift in the succeeding days. When we reached Hollywood and got washed up I started making the rounds of the studio, one by one. Day after day I went, only to be turned back. Finally I explained to them that I was going to go to work. We stopped at a dame Helene's restaurant just across the street from one of the big studios."

"We need some thing to do until I get a start in the picture business," I explained. "Madame Helene placed mother in a job as waitress at a dollar a day, plus tips. We're still holding our positions. In the meantime I'm writing scenarios. I haven't sold any yet, but some of my poems have been printed in national publications, and I'm going to keep on writing. Maybe I'll land somewhere—after awhile."

Girls aren't alone in going to extremes to achieve careers in pictures. Young men concert stardom, and take all manner of employment to enable them to get a start. There is the case of Charles Loeb, German comedian, employed as a waiter in a Los Angeles cafe, who spent all last Fall trying to get to see casting directors. He was not even accorded an interview.

Not long ago he journeyed to Chi-

cago and sought out his friend, Fritz Straube, to whom he confided his burning ambition to at least talk to a casting director and tell him how good he was. Fritz helped him devise a plan.

They got a box about the size and shape of a coffin container and proceeded to line and pad it from end to end. Then they stocked it with three quart bottles of water, a can of patented food-drink, a half dozen lemons, a bottle of mouthwash, a bag of peppermint candy, a mirror and a flashlight. The comedian got in and Fritz nailed down the lid. The box was consigned to Pathe Studios, Culver City, California, via express, and its contents listed as a statue valued at \$500.

Fine art, anyway. But the first day out from Chicago, Loeb seemed to develop an insatiable thirst while packed in his box. He drank all the water. He had three days yet to go and found it hard trying to inhale moisture. When baggage men started to unload the box at its destination, they heard strange noises coming from within, and forthwith called the police.

When the lid was pried off in the Culver City police station, Loeb, parched with thirst and in an exhausted condition, was helped out.

There Loeb was in jail instead of in a studio, and held to await the action, if any, of the railroad or express company.

But he had yet to meet a casting director. Finally one director, touched by his determination, came over to see him. After a little talk, he remarked: "Anyone who would go to such extremes to get a chance in the movies is entitled to one. Come on over—when you can."

The part did not amount to much—just an "atmosphere" bit, but it ended Loeb's search to achieve a desire even if his engagement did not last very long. He again is looking for a movie job.

But on one of the principal boulevards Frank Marion, a disappointed film aspirant, opened a "dog stand." Back in his little scullery, Marion washed the dishes, scoured the kettle, mopped the floor and swept the floor. But he was at his best when a customer appeared. Then he showed what "high powered salesmanship" really was. One day a movie director happened along and watched him. He noticed a "dog dog" character for pictures. Marion's career was made. "Hot dogs" made it for him. Persons who saw him in "The Counter Doctor" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus" smiled broadly as they watched the handsome young fellow whistling merrily and handing the savory "dogs" to customers.

Just what the strange glamour about picture studio is no one can explain. Wise little heads among the "extras" have figured out that in the long run they do better "off" if they get jobs doing something else, and yet they admit that they still cling to the hope that in time they will be stars.

A strange, fanciful, alluring game, the motion-picture industry, making stars overnight and then sometimes hustling souls prematurely into eternity. It's the only industry in the world in which beauty is rated as surplus.

Old Dutch Cleanser brings Healthful Cleanliness - the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency



The Great Modern Advance!

Old Dutch brings Healthful Cleanliness, so essential to the well-being of your family. This notable Old Dutch achievement is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. Old Dutch also institutes quicker, easier and more economical standards of housekeeping.

There is nothing like Old Dutch. It contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acid or caustic—it is not a chemical. Its marvelous efficiency is derived from "Seismotite"—a natural cleanser endowed with scientific cleaning principles. The flaky, flat-shaped particles of Old Dutch possess distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities as well as the

visible dirt; assuring wholesome, hygienic cleanliness.

Old Dutch preserves the modern beauty of the home. It is perfect for sinks and bath tubs of snow-white or gayly colored porcelain or enamel; painted walls or woodwork; pots, pans and cooking utensils of all kinds. Tile; floors; nickelplate; windows and mirrors; refrigerators; enameled or painted furniture, etc. The fact that Old Dutch does not harm the hands is convincing proof of its purity and safety.

You will be agreeably surprised when you use Old Dutch at the small amount of work and time required to keep the home spotlessly clean and beautiful—safeguarded with **Healthful Cleanliness**.



Old Dutch Cleanser Homes are Healthful Homes

© 1928, The C. P. Co.



To the eye Old Dutch looks like a fine powder, but the microscope shows that it really consists of flat, flaky particles. These tiny particles remove all uncleanness without scratching.

Below is a microscopic photograph of Old Dutch Cleanser as it looks highly magnified—soft, flaky, flat-shaped particles which remove all uncleanness without scratching or marring the surface.



This drawing of a highly magnified gritty particle shows how grit mars the surface and makes scratches that are catch-alls for dirt. Avoid all scratchy grit!

A little Old Dutch goes a long way. This is a drawing of how Old Dutch particles would look if enlarged and laid on top of one another. Compared with one hard, gritty particle, you will note the many more cleaning units Old Dutch gives. This is what we mean when we say Old Dutch goes further and does more work and is most economical.



This drawing of a highly magnified Old Dutch Cleanser particle shows how they work. A clean sweep without marring the surface. These tiny particles remove all uncleanness.

Make this test. It proves the safety of Old Dutch. Put a little between two pieces of glass, rub them together. You won't feel or hear the scratching of hard, gritty particles. It doesn't scratch.



New Evidence that Insects Really Do Think

Ants Estimate "Labor Costs", Keep Their "Cattle" in "Barns" and Drive Them Home at Night; A Wasp Uses a Pebble for a Hammer and a Lazy Spider Was Caught Tying One to Her

Web to Straighten Up a Slovenly Job

DO insects possess intelligence and ponder the problems of their short but exciting lives, as human beings do, or are they merely governed by "blind instinct?"

The great naturalist, Faber, known as "the Homer of the Insect," died believing them nothing but Nature's ingenious automatons, marvelously perfect little machines, capable of performing all the acts of their life-cycle but without a gleam of thought or knowledge of what it was all about.

The idea was questioned by many, because of their own observation, and because, in some way, that would be contrary to the principals of evolution. And now comes Major R. W. G. Hingston, an eminent British entomologist, with a whole bookful of fascinating evidence showing that the small crawlers, hoppers and buzzers are full of intelligence, even if they do not always show it.

His latest work, "Instinct and Intelligence," published by MacMillan, New York, tells how the various individuals, when confronted by new problems, study the situation, make experiments, learn by experience, sometimes "sleep on the question," and finally solve the difficulty about as a man or woman might under the same circumstances.

The thing that sets man's intelligence in a class by itself, apart from all the other animals, is the fact that he is a tool-maker. When the cave man chipped his first flint, he went to the head of the class. But for many thousand years before that he had been using "ooliths," stones that he had not shaped but used because they happened accidentally to fit his needs. That is the stage of the ape's intelligence today and only one short step below man's.

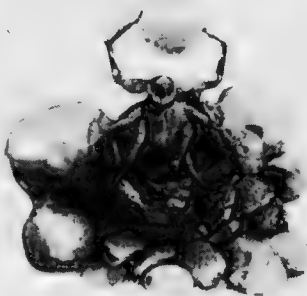
Nobody would expect to find this grade A-2 intelligence in the tiny brain of an insect, but Major Hingston cites the case of a wasp who used a pebble for a hammer, entirely contrary to the instinct of her kind. Also there is the busy, shiftless spider on finishing her web-making found it too loose. Instead of doing the job over and doing it right, as a self-respecting spider should, the slovenly huzzy went down and picked up a pebble which she hung on one of the strands, causing the whole net to tighten up enough so it would do to catch flies.

It is not surprising that much of the smartest thinking in the insect world is done by ants. These little myrmecines live in populous nests, often work in large gangs and on complicated tasks that no insect could cover. When a person places a row of stones in a brook making it possible to cross dry land, it is undoubtedly an act of intelligence. Would an ant do that? Not exactly, but—

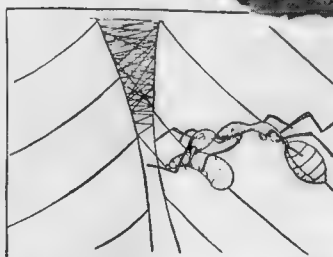
"Mr. Lander, at Porto Santo, saw a number of tiny brown ants coming through the window into his dining room. He tried to stop the invasion by spreading a sheet of fly-paper across the window sill. The ants, however, refused to be kept back. They built tracks across the fly-paper with sand and bits of wood, and by means of these pathways continued to come in."

It has long been noted that when an ant finds a piece of food heavier than it can carry, the insect runs back to the nest and gets help. This might be done by mechanical instinct, the discovery stimulating the finder to an excitement which would spread to her nest-mates, and cause them to rush out after her. But that is not all that happens. The gangs go out with a clear idea of the size of the job. Major Hingston relates the following experiment on a kind of ant that infests fig trees in Bagdad:

"I cut a grasshopper into three bits. The first is one-fifth of an inch long. The second bit is twice the bulk of the first. The third bit is twice the bulk of the second. I gave the three bits to three different ants on the same tree,



How the African Mother-Spider Holds Its Silken-Coated Nest of Eggs Up to the Sun to Hasten Their Hatching.



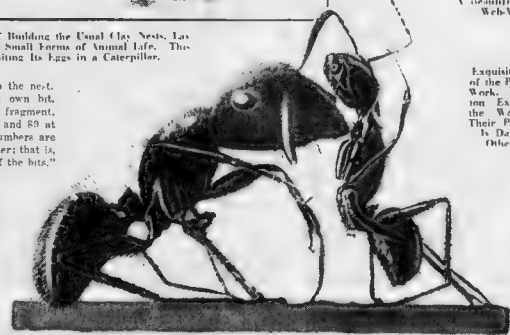
A Diagram From Major R. W. G. Hingston's Book, "Instinct and Intelligence," Illustrating How the Red Ant Lays Its Larva to Stitch Together Leaf Cells.



A Striking Photograph Showing Red Ants Sewing Their Larvae Together to Build Their Nests by Using Their Larvae as Thread. Ants, Unlike Spiders, Have No Natural Thread, but the Cocoons of Their Young Have, and These Are Utilized in Their Home Building. When the Larva Is Deadened of Its Covering It Is Replaced by a Fresh One.



Some Species of Wasps, Instead of Building the Usual Clay Nests, Lay Eggs in the Bodies of Other Small Forms of Animal Life. This Figure Shows a Wasp Depositing Its Eggs in a Caterpillar.



The Large Soldier Ant Is Receiving an Important Report from a Worker-Ant, Just Returned From a Scouting Trip. The Spy Transmits Its Information by Tapping the Soldier's Head With Its Forelegs.

Exquisite Examples of the Potter Wasps' Skill. Major Hingston Explains How the Wasps Repair Their Pottery If It Is Damaged by Other Insects.



Aphonous. Lolita caterpillars, and even drive them out every morning to feed and back again to the barn at night. Ants tending their insect "cattle" know what parasites are likely to attack their charges, and when one appears drive it away.

Some ants enslave others. Usually the slaves seem contented with their lot, but sometimes there are labor troubles, strikes and riots. The Indian Red Tree ant has an outrageous habit of lynching its victims when caught alive.

The ants get hold of every available part of the creature and simply stretch it until it dies, which sometimes takes half an hour. It requires only half a dozen lynchings to destroy a young bird. When the victim is dead some of the lynchings depart, leaving only enough to carry the body to the nest.

But the prize act of intelligence of the insect world belongs to the wasp *Amphiphila Utraria*. When this insect repairs the entrance to her nest in the ground, instead of pounding dirt down with her abdomen or ramming it with her head as others do, this particular one has been seen to select a pebble, and, holding it in her mandibles use it as a hammer.

Major Hingston broke a hole in the pot-bellied nest built by a potter wasp. When the lady of the house returned and saw the outrage, she was visibly agitated and, in a rage, put the red mud with the first material that came to her mind, resin, but it did not work. Seeing that it was getting late and that he was not succeeding very well, she wisely called it a day and slept on the problem.

In the morning, with a calmer mind, she reconsidered the situation, tried clay as repair material, and plugged the hole quite nicely.

The spider is one of the few creatures that has to oil up every day. This lubrication process is performed about sundown, and in some, such as *Nephila Maculata*, is a job that takes an hour to go over all her gossamer spools. It is not to keep her joints from squeaking, but because if a spider's running gear is not well smeared with oil or grease it will stick to its own web.

Collecting Idols from the Sacred

Lady Dorothy Mills, the Intrepid British Explorer, V
Cannibals of the Jungle While Secretly
Carved Masks and Hideous God



Lady Dorothy Mills Surrounded by Some of Her African Idols.

By Lady Dorothy Mills.

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LONDON, September 2.

I HAVE just come back from four hard months in the nethermost wilds of the West African bush, hunting for the black gods of Paganism, or rather for their symbols—the black wooden images and masks, curiously carved and painted, that serve as emblems of queer, sometimes rather dreadful, creeds and age-old beliefs. Some of these gods hold sway in tiny, evil-smelling villages—shrines of mud and thatch, to whose sombre mystery their devotees bring offerings of rice and chickens, bright bits of rag, strange little objects of sticks and stone. Some of them—humbler ones these—stand guard in the little mud houses of the forest dwellers, shedding their blessing, spiritual and material, on the fortunes of their owners.

Others, big, hideous and sinister, stand alone in hidden places of the jungle, of such occult repute that no one would so much as approach them. These are the oracles or soothsaying gods, to whom men come for advice or judgment, for the detection of crime and punishment of wrongdoers. But all are sacred and jealously hidden from the covetousness of white men and strangers.

I started on my quest with ambitious intentions. I meant to bring back about a hundred of these fetish idols with which to give an exhibition to the scientific world in London, but I was to learn that African gods are hard to conquer. Actually I have brought back about twenty, grotesquely hideous yet oddly fascinating. Few of them did I buy, though often I offered sums out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth. Those I acquired just "happened" in divers odd ways, and there were many that I sought but could not acquire. Most of my failures gave me more trouble than my successes, and they all brought me odd experiences, grave or gay, and some of them brushed me with the wings of danger.

One short afternoon of "god" hunting, of mingled success and failure, on the borderline of the French and Portuguese Guinea, brought me one of the oddest encounters of my life. With the headman of my safari and one native boatman, I had taken a canoe from my headquarters and paddled up-stream to a little group of fetishist villages. Made optimistic by a lucky acquisition in the first village, I started back to the river bank to try my luck at another further on. Lingered behind to examine some curious plants, I had sent the two men ahead to fetch up the canoe from where it was moored, a few hundred yards away, and I was emerging from the forest on to the low sandy shore when a shout from Bangoura, my headman in the canoe, made me spin quickly round on my heel.

For a moment I thought I was facing a monkey bigger than any I had ever seen outside a museum, and then I realized that it was a man, or what was left of one. The creature must have been tall but was bent in a heavy stoop and moved with a peculiar monkey-like gait. For clothes it wore a strip of filthy cloth round its loins and long matted black hair covered its face up to the cheek-bone and its muscular arms and legs. Its black, feverish eyes glared malignantly from sunken eyeballs, and it carried a heavy knobbed stick. I have generally found politeness to be a safe bet, even in the most incongruous cir-

cumstances, so, concealing my bewilderment, I smiled ingratiatingly.

"Bonjour, Monsieur," I said, then, tentatively, in Portuguese, "Buen dia, o Senhor."

The sound of a human voice seemed to galvanize the creature into life, and he sprang toward me threateningly, while a torrent of vehement words in mingled French and Portuguese poured stammering from lips that seemed as if they had half forgotten the use of human speech. Then he paused and, looking at me with apparent hate, spat repeatedly in the dust. He stood scarcely three feet from me and his heavy stick whirled disconcertingly near my head. I felt a certain hesitation in turning my back, but out of the tail of my eye I could see that my men had grounded the canoe in the shallow water, and I started to slide backwards.

"Be ready to push off when I run," I called to Bangoura.

But I had spoken too soon. I bumped my head against an overhanging branch of mangrove tree, knocking my helmet off, and my hair, loosely rolled, fell over my shoulders.

There was a startled exclamation from my aggressor, the stick ceased whirling and it appeared that for the first time he realized that I was a woman, and moreover, that the fact gave him a fresh reaction. He ceased swearing and came closer, staring at me intently, and his stringy, dirt-encrusted hand reached out hesitatingly to touch my hair.

"Mother of God, a woman, a woman!" he cried, his hands twitched convulsively. Suddenly he dropped in a crouching position, and his voice broke in what was almost a sob.

His hands clawed at the ground and again a torrent of half intelligible words poured from his cracked lips. All I could understand was that he was addressing me as the Holy Virgin Mary, that he was praying to me, imploring something of me. His face was agonized, distorted. It was rather dreadful. He grasped my feet and gaitered legs.

As unobtrusively as possible I tried to continue my backward crawl toward the canoe, but, as if realizing my intention, his grasp tightened, slid to my arms and wrists. He pointed back-

Her Ladyship at Home.
Photo by Lallie Charles, London.



Various African Idols, Fetishes, Ritual N

the side of the canoe, tipping it over, half filling it with water.

Desperately, the perspiration pouring down our faces, dodging the projectiles, we baled and paddled till we reached a bend when the river suddenly grew broad and deep. The great stones now fell far short of us. A howl, horrible, animal, reached our ears, and in the distance we could see a form, scarcely human, that lumbered up and down, waving its arms aloft and howling.

A few days later I learned the unhappy creature's history. Originally a man, it was said, of breeding and culture, he had become afflicted with some kind of religious mania, with a homicidal delusion. He was obsessed with the idea of making human sacrifice to some deity of his own morbid imagining, and had finally been put in prison. Having escaped, for some years he had roamed the deepest parts of that impenetrable jungle, evading repeated attempts to capture him. There was a price on his head, and my white informants conveyed an expressed but quite obvious regret that, the first person in years to lay eyes on him, I had done nothing more heroic than to run away. But I did not reciprocate their regret. The role of explorer and writer is already a sufficiently versatile one, and as far as, at any rate, am concerned, there are limits to my versatility. And in any case the only grudge I had against the poor creature was that he had kiboshed my chances of adding another god to my afternoon's haul.

Sometimes, though very rarely, real treasure trove just dropped into my lap, quite undramatically, with even a touch of humor. In one of the Bassagos Islands, off the coast of Portuguese Guinea, in the hut of a quite poor man, I came upon one of the little idols I wanted—the household god, a kind of mascot kept as luck-bringer to the family. Nothing would induce the owner to part with it, as he intended, he said, to offer it up in the shrine of the village god at the next festival. In vain I pointed out that, with the money I offered, he could procure a far finer offering, and reluctantly I had to abandon my quest.

Two days later, as I was leaving the island, the man came to me, carrying the idol. He had observed with admiration, he told me, the little jewelled hat-brooch that fastened the veil of my topees. A thing that glittered beautifully in the sunlight, that had come from far across the sea, from the country of white magicians, would assuredly be more acceptable to the village god than a mere idol of a kind to which he was accustomed. I quite agreed with him, and that is why a dear little piece of black ugliness now sits facing me as I write while, in a dark, evil smelling hut in the African jungle, presiding over heavens knows what pagan abominations, reposes a little tinzel brooch that cost my husband a few francs in the Rue de Rivoli last year.

And my funny godlet has come in the nick of time to keep company with a little black goddess given me wrathfully by another black African householder to whom she had brought no luck, on whom, in fact, ever since he had acquired her from his witchdoctor, had fallen all the trials of Job—faithless wife, falling crops and dying cattle.

Modern sceptic though I may be, and hardened, too, by much travelling, I cannot regard the African idols as just senseless things of wood



Ceremonial in Front of a Fetish House in Central Africa.

ward to the forest and tried to draw me after him. His eyes glared as I shook my head, and his fingers on my wrists felt like drawn steel. Little by little I felt myself giving ground.

"Listen to me, listen to me," he repeated over and over again. I spoke kindly to the poor creature in French. I talked no particular sense, but tried to make my voice sound calm and reassuring. He stared at me, and I could have sworn that tears stood in the haggard bloodshot eyes. His grasp of me had relaxed and, seizing my opportunity, I wrenched myself free and, quicker probably than I have ever run in my life, I turned and dashed back through the shallow water to the canoe. With a lightning thrust of the paddle the men pushed off into the stream.

"Careful, Madame!" came Bangoura's shout, and simultaneously a huge stone came hurling past.

I glanced back. The poor thwarted creature on the bank had turned to an incarnation of demonic rage, gibbering, fiercely beckoning me back, pointing to the shadowy depths of the forest. Foam stood at the corners of his mouth as, stooping, he gathered up armfuls of great stones, running, keeping pace with us along the bank. For all our frantic paddling, we made but slow progress through the shallow water, bumping against hidden sandbanks. The missiles came hurtling past, narrowly missing my head as I crouched low, and one, larger than the rest, hit

Fetish Huts in Africa

**Writes of Her Experiences Among the
Securing the Wooden Images,
Is from the Witch Doctors**



Masks and a Necklace of Human Teeth.

shioned by an ignorant savage. I think that a strange unknown gods of nature have eathed into them something of their own mysterious essence. It may be coincidence, but certainly on one occasion an idol that I held in my session for only a few hours seemed to work its own volition.

It was in the country of the Balantas, a very primitive people among whom theft and robbery is considered as merits of the highest esteem. One of their villages I had been refused purchase of this idol by its owner, and had thought more of it till that same evening at supper my slanta "boy," or servant, brought me the idol rapped up in a corner of his garment. Thinking to please me, he had just stolen it, after the manner of his people. To his disappointment, I gave him a scolding, and told him to leave it in my tent while I considered what best could be done about it.

I wonder whether it was coincidence that everything went wrong that night? For the first time that Winter I went down with a short but sharp spell of malaria, accompanied by acute chills. For the first time, too, at the height of the rainy season, a heavy downpour of rain soaked my belongings through and through, ruining half my stables, a prowling leopard kept my men awake all night, my watch stopped, and in the morning, though laid carefully on a shelf, the little black idol had fallen on his feet on the floor, where he stood, seeming to stare at me reverently. Two hours later, though feeling wretchedly ill, was on my way back to the village to restore stolen property, and from the moment I had me so, health, weather, my watch, everything went perfectly well.

Once, alas, my quest was the cause of tragedy. On the eve of my departure from a big village I had been invited to partake of the evening meal the paramount chief of the district. During the afternoon his young and pretty wife came to me with an ingratiating smile. She knew, she said, that like all white people I was rich and generous, and she would be pleased if I would buy her husband, that evening, a gold safety pin as wearing, and which she very much admired. Such a request is not at all unusual, for a native has a passion not only for jewelry of any kind but in particular for safety pins, even a common or garden sort. As she examined the pin admiringly, turning it over and over in her hands, and taking it to the door to look at it more closely, I congratulated myself that the problem of the inevitable present had been decided for me, more especially when she added:

"And in return I think my husband desires you a gift that will rejoice your heart."

That evening with suitable speeches I presented the pin and smiled to myself as I noticed at the chief, a trifle bemused with many bowls of palm-wine, was rather clumsy in his manipulation of it, scratching himself several times as he adjusted it in his loin-cloth. And I was pleased when his wife, in joining her thanks to his, presented me in return with a small but attractive animal carving.

It was only a few weeks later that, by sheer force, I heard the tragedy of my little gift. The day after my departure the chief had been bedeviled with violent pains and had died before dawn. The "smellier-out" of the village had fished the death as due to poisoning from a fishy pin steeped in the rankest poison, and the before suspicion could actually fasten upon me, I had fled to another district with the lover who had been the motive for the murder. I suppose he had poisoned the pin during those few moments she had held it in her hands; but whether she thought, by utilizing my safety pin, to place the blame on me in case of detection, whether she merely believed—as so many natives believe—that any kind of spell or poison administered by a white person is more certain potent in its results, I shall never know.



Emerging from the Jungle, Lady Dorothy Mills Suddenly Encountered a Filthy Creature of Apolike Appearance, Who Glared at Her with Feverish Eyes and Held Menacingly a Knotted Club.

An African Medicine Man With Some of His Instruments of Witchcraft.

One of my finest masks I acquired through a haphazard and rather pathetic little incident of travel. I was leaving a small French outpost with my string of carriers, when, at the very last moment, a letter was pushed into my hand by the local postmaster.

"A thousand pardons for troubling you, Madame," he said, "but here is a letter for old Georges. It is years since we heard of him dead or alive. He is tape (gone native)." The man touched his forehead with his finger. "But if still alive, he is probably somewhere in the district you are crossing. I should be grateful if you would give him this letter; it is the first that has come for him for ten years."

To cut a rather long story short, a few weeks later I stumbled upon old Georges, tragic relic of a lost white soul. Nearly naked, indecibly dirty, rather drunk, burnt and withered by twenty-five years of neglect and exposure, he lived in a tumble-down native hut, surrounded by black women and half-caste children. The surprise of a white woman's presence eventually sobered him up sufficiently to read the letter I gave him, and as he finished it great slow tears made creases in the dirt on his cheeks.

"My wife," he murmured, and as he looked up at me, his eyes began to lose their dazed, stupid expression. "A good woman, but she could not stand my ways and I left her. But once every year she wrote. It is so long now since I heard, I thought she must be dead. Now she writes to recall the thirtieth anniversary of our wedding. Poor soul, she does not know how things go with me. She thinks I am a successful trader—as I used to be."

The tears still rolling down his cheeks, Georges went off and got very drunk indeed. Two days later he came to me, looking straighter and more self-respecting than I had yet seen him.

"Madame, I am ashamed," he said, and hesitated. "Madame, I do not want Marie to know what I have become. Will you take a photograph of me and send it to her when you get to the Coast—not as I am now, but when I have cleaned myself?"

Half that afternoon he spent in preparation. For the first time in years he bathed himself; he trimmed his hair and beard with a pair of scissors he borrowed from me, he somehow evolved a tolerably complete outfit of European clothing. "Get out, you cannibal!" he shouted fiercely to a group of his wives and families who

crowded curiously around, and struck a grandiose attitude in front of my kodak.

Next morning, as I was preparing to leave, he took me furtively to a corner of his hut.

"There is nothing I can offer you in return for your goodness, Madame," he said humbly, "but I know you are collecting these." From under a heap of rags he took a handsomely carved mask. "It is very old. Do not let the village see it, for they do not know I have it, and would be angry. But will you please accept it?"

When I left, he stood at salute, his hand to his battered hat, but as I saw his bent form turn and amble back to the village, I was regretfully certain that poor Georges was going home to get drunk.

But for all their fierce conservatism, on one occasion this Winter, at any rate, I think the black gods of Africa saved my life.

On the boundary of French Guinea I was searching for a shrine said to contain a number of exceedingly curious fetishist idols and masks. This shrine and its strange lifeless deities, I was told, was held in such superstitious terror by the neighboring tribes that for days or even weeks at a time it was left alone and unguarded by its priest, or witch-doctor, in the certainty that none would dare rifle or even approach it. In a little village in the vicinity I had left behind the bulk of my porters and baggage, and started off with three men carrying the bare necessities for a few days' trip.

But the latter proved to have been an unwise action, for on the afternoon of the second day we heard the ominous sound of drum-talk in the distance. I should explain that it is by means of drums that the primitive natives of Africa communicate with one another from afar. "Drum-talk" has been called "the wireless of Africa." It has a language of its own as definite as the Morse code, and it is truly uncanny the distance and the speed with which news of any kind can be so carried.

On this occasion Bangoura, my headman, said the drums talked of us. He did not understand what they said, but he swore that their tone was inimical. It was then that I remembered, rather uncomfortably, the warning of a friendly chief concerning a band of desperadoes—prisoners who had escaped while awaiting a charge of man-stealing—who were roaming the forest committing any violence that came to hand. The drums followed us at intervals all that evening and the following morning, and each time it seemed as if the sound crept nearer. At the end of twenty-four hours we were practically certain that we were being stalked. It was rather nerve-racking, in the humid darkness of that sunless forest, the sensation that unseen creatures observed us and talked of us in their mysterious language, that they followed us, unblinking, waiting their time, that at any moment something might happen. But there seemed no use in pausing, in turning back. Somewhere ahead lay the shrine and where it was there might be a village, there would undoubtedly be the priest and, possibly others. At



Wooden Idol on Guard at the Entrance of a Witch Doctor's House to Frighten the Natives Away While He Is Absent at Another Village.

any rate, there would be something, something tangible.

All through those days the drums grew nearer. The sun was low on the horizon, and we did not know what might happen if we stopped in the open for the night. Already my men, with their preternaturally sharp ears, or that the quiver with sense that forest dwellers seem to have, declared they could hear, or sense men following us not more than a mile or two away.

Nearly the red light of a bush fire blazed to heaven, and scarcely before we knew it, we were blinded by thick smoke all around and the crackling of little red flames sounded unpleasantly near. But it was too late to turn back, so we just ran for it, with smarting eyes and pounding hearts, till suddenly we ran into safety, into a stretch of great black mangrove swamp that checked the flames. For a quarter of an hour we struggled through the black oozing mud that gives out a smell like all dead things, so deep that sometimes we had to swing ourselves along by the aerial roots of the mangrove trees.

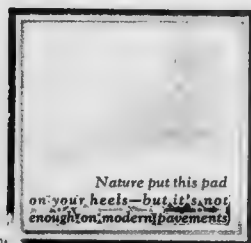
As, nearly exhausted, we staggered on to dry ground, Bangoura gave a wild shout of jubilation and pointed to a broad track ahead.

"The shrine of the sorcerer!" he cried. Behind we could see a dozen or so black figures swinging swiftly across the swamp, shouting as they caught sight of us, but our hearts were lighter as we ran up the broad track to

Continued on Page 25

Nature Put Pads on Your Heels

*But she didn't
figure on Sidewalks*



NATURE put pads on your heels to cushion your spine and nerves against the jars of walking.

That cushion would be enough, if man still wandered through the jungle—or loped over the open plains. Perhaps it would still be enough if everyone lived in the country.

But on city pavements, nature's pads can't do the job. No human being can stand the pounding, without feeling ill effects. If a race horse ran on a track as hard as a pavement—one race would make him lame—and a few days would ruin him.

*The modern way
"back to nature"*

WHEN man wants cushion, he turns to rubber. He puts rubber tires on his car. Automobile engineers put rubber pads between the engine and the frame—to prevent the vibration which ruins machinery.

You need rubber cushions on the heels of your shoes—they are the modern way "back to nature."

Replace hard heels with Goodyear Wingfoots. These heels are made of new rubber, tough and lively. They absorb the shocks of some 2000 steps per mile. They protect your whole nervous system from the constant jolts of walking—for it is less than six feet from your heels to your brain, straight up your spinal column. Hard heels may affect your health as well as your comfort.

More people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind. There's one of the best reasons for putting them in your shoes.



You can get Goodyear Wingfoot Heels on many of the finest new shoes as "original equipment." And of course you can get them at leading shoe repair shops.

Go today and in a few minutes, for little cost, have your shoes equipped with these fine resilient heels. Look for the Goodyear Wingfoot sign on the shoe repair shop's window, and ask for Goodyear Wingfoot Heels by name.



Look

Goodyear Wingfoot Soles are the soles to save money—on the shoes you wear for dress up—or the shoes you wear for work. They stand up under the hardest kinds of service—on the feet of salesmen—on the feet of men who work around construction—on the racing, scuffling feet of active boys and girls.

Waterproof—economical—good looking

Get them on new shoes. Have them put on your present shoes when you go to the repair shop. They are guaranteed by Goodyear not to stretch, spread, "balloon" or break—and to give remarkably long wear.

GOOD YEAR

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

again, he snatches her about the hips, twirls her in San Francisco and she determines to make him fall in love with her. (The natives of the island claim he has humiliated her.)

Then, in a sudden change of heart, he about and starts for Paman Island, sailing, rowing to reach her the morning after the storm. He finds that the field was his best friend and he intends to marry her. But when she refuses to confess her love but when they land on Paman Island, she is so overcome with love for him that he will win her love and then take it to his grave.

The natives hold a festival in honor of him and after it is over he sails for his home. He is then married by the natives with a feast. He marries her and she is so happy. He finally confesses that she has loved him all the time.

At the end of the story, Hilary reveals her indifference and when she learns that he has married her, she is so

Famous she escapes with Benson held in the motorboat is driven ashore on a distant part of the island and falls into the hands of Blackbird Doyle and Kellogg Howe, while outlaws and ruthless enemies of Hilary. They take her to their fortress and Howe goes out for Sterling's part of the island with a demand for ransom.

CHAPTER XVIII

UNRISE, that

force,' whichever you prefer. It is a long time, by the way, since anybody addressed me as 'Wilberforce' or as 'Mr. Doyle.'"

Joan shrugged her shoulders and made no response. She was uncomfortably conscious, although she did not look at him, that Doyle was watching her fixedly as she sipped her coffee and helped herself to fruit, and intuitively she apprehended danger from him.

"Can you give me a cigarette?" she asked with affected nonchalance, meeting Doyle's

burning glance unwaveringly. "Yes, there is a tin somewhere," Doyle answered, rising from his chair. "I don't smoke them myself, but the chief brought some as a present last

time a trading vessel put in. Didn't know you smoked or I would have offered you a cigarette last night . . . Ah, here they are! Only common "gaspers," but perhaps you can make shift with them."

He proffered the tin, and Joan helped herself to a cigarette, accepted a light with

on the scene when I did you would undoubtedly have been killed and eaten? You have not yet thanked me for saving your life."

"Life means so little to me that I am hardly conscious of having it," he answered gratefully.

"I said again with a bitter note in my husky contralto voice, "I have lost everything that made life worth living."

"You have still youth and beauty, which are a woman's greatest assets, and you should find it hard to live happily without them," he murmured.

"Yes, I feel stifled in here," answered Joan, feeling that she would be more at ease in the open air. "Have you inquired what has become of Rena, the native girl who was with me when I was captured?"

The men who captured you say they saw no native girl, and that you were alone when they seized you," Doyle told her. "So possibly the girl is still wandering about in the jungle. Why worry about her? Native girls are plentiful and life is cheap here."

He walked by Joan's side around the outside of the big hut, and the natives who had been working or loafing gathered to stare wide-eyed at the white girl.

of honor or smile that was half a
smile. Meanwhile Joan had
been so shocked by the howling
and she guessed that Doyle had
been "maintaining his authority
right" for he was nursing his
right hand, the knuckles of
which were bleeding.

"You need not be so squeam-
ish," said dear Joan, he said,
"I am used to the aversion."
Joan's expression. "Actually,
you were responsible for the
trouble. It seems the chief is
more enraged even than I im-
agined, and even my servants con-
sider you his property since his
men captured you, and that is

Keep your

◆ **cle**

SOAP to cleanse •

with Cuti

"I don't belong to you," exclaimed Joan impulsively.

(Continued on Page 18)

**Now Comb Away Gray
This Easy Way**

GRAY Hair is risky. It screams "She's getting old." Why tolerate it, now that Gray Hair is needless? Just COMB away the gray with Kolor-Bak—the clean, colorless liquid. Surprise your friends and husband by banishing years from your appearance. Kolor-Bak leaves the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. The one bottle does for blond, auburn, brown, black. Already hundreds of thousands of men and women have used

Accept This Test Offer

Test Kolor-Bak on our guarantee that if it doesn't make you look ten years younger, your money will be refunded any time you ask. So call today and demand a refund.

Kolor-Bak

SOAP to cleanse • OINTMENT to heal
with Cuticura SOAP AND OINTMENT

***Remove Now Utterly Without Fostering
Bristly Re-growth***



Eleanor Millard, the lovely actress whose sparkling beauty has graced such Broadway successes as "Burlesque" and "Kismet," is only one of many stage celebrities who employ this new discovery.

Elinor Millard, the lovely actress whose sparkling beauty has graced such Broadway successes as "Burlesque" and "Machinal," is only one of many stage celebrities who employ this new discovery.

and, incidentally, is only one of many stage celebrities who employ this new discovery.

You can feel the difference. No sham.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both \$1 and 60c sizes. The \$1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, whose discovery is largely responsible for solving the arm and leg hair problem.

Neet Cream Hair-Remover

A black and white photograph of a bottle of Neet Cream Hair Remover. The bottle is dark with a light-colored label. The label features the brand name 'Neet' in a large, stylized font. Below it, the words 'Cream Hair Remover' are written in a smaller font. There is also some smaller text on the label, including 'WITH STAINING REMOVER' and 'FOR ALL TYPES OF HAIR'. The bottle has a decorative cap.



At Nice—Cannes— Monte Carlo—Biarritz—Lido Venice

Leading Beauty Experts at Smart Resorts advise this twice-a-day use of Palmolive Soap



Kleinmans, of Cannes, Vichy, Biarritz

This renowned expert has practiced in Paris, London and Berlin. In 1909 he opened a salon in Cannes, where he is consulted by fashionable women from all over the world. Monsieur Kleinmans also conducts establishments in Biarritz, Vichy and Paris, and in all his salons he says: "Use Palmolive twice a day."

"I selected Palmolive after most careful and lengthy experiments which proved to me that this soap has all the qualities for which palm and olive oils have been famous for centuries. In other words, it is not only a cleanser but an equally wonderful emollient."

M. Kleinmans
CANNES, VICHY, BIARRITZ



Monsieur Joseph, head of the well-known Monte Carlo Beauty Salon bearing his name



Mme. Joseph, who assists her distinguished husband in his beauty work . . . is the first Montecarlo woman recommending Palmolive Soap



Sabino, of Venice

In Venice, where women of the social world and of the stage reside. Sabino, of the Via XXII Marzo, he tells them: "Soap and water (use Palmolive Soap and water, that is) play an important part in all my course of treatment."

"Regular massage for a couple of minutes a day with water and Palmolive Soap is the only method I know of establishing that deep cleanliness which is the essential foundation of every successful beauty treatment."

Sabino
VENICE

THE RIVIERA, playground of the world's most beautiful women! Biarritz, in the South of France—the *Lido*, where the gay world of the stage and society relaxes on the Adriatic! Monte Carlo, picturesque rendezvous of celebrities!

At these and other great watering places of the *Cote d'Azur*, the leading beauty specialists tell their world-traveled patrons to use Palmolive Soap every day to keep lovely complexions.

In these smart cosmopolitan resorts of Europe, where life is dedicated to beauty and gaiety, many of the world's greatest beauty experts have established themselves to serve the needs of a most discriminating clientele.

And they, in concurrence with the great authorities of Paris, of London, of Berlin, Vienna and Geneva—urge one simple home treatment which they ask their clients to use between visits to their salons. They call it "foundation cleansing."

Scientific "foundation cleansing" daily

"Wash your face carefully with a rich warm lather of Palmolive Soap. Massage it, with your two hands, into the pores, to free them of their accumulation of dust and dirt—of powder and rouge and make-up."

"Then rinse—first with warm water, then gradually colder. That is all. But you must do this before you start any treatment—before you put your make-up on for the day—before you retire for the night."

That, in effect, is the scientific yet simple advice that experts of beauty culture—wherever you are—will advise. In every leading city of Europe, this treatment has been independently recommended by the greatest authorities, serving the most exclusive resorts.

In 160 American cities, more than 16,000 beauty experts are advocating this same basic rule of "foundation cleansing." Ask your own beauty specialist. Learn of this great rule for natural beauty. And today begin this simple habit which the authorities of the world urge you to practice twice daily.



LeBlanc, of Nice

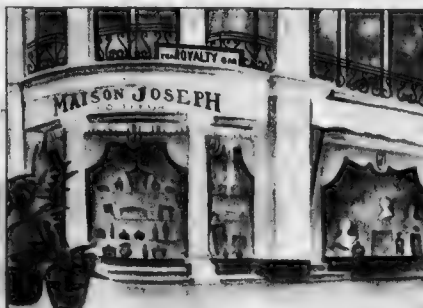
Albert LeBlanc, of Nice, left Paris in 1912 to conduct his own famous salon at the Hotel N. Nice. His is the address in smart women.

"I recommend that on complexion care use not a *make-up*, correct. I am told occasionally that 'Just I use soap on my face.' My answer is: always a double alternative. If soap is chosen, it is Palmolive. If a *make-up* is chosen, it must meet all the requirements of complete care, being at once a cleanser and a soothing emollient."

A. LeBlanc
NICE



One of the treatment salons of LeBlanc's world famous salon at the Hotel N. Nice. Here each day a woman who is a beauty and charm are known on three continents.



Joseph, of Monte Carlo

Monsieur and Madame Joseph studied in London for a great number of years. And like grandmothers, until their divorce, established in Monte Carlo. Today, their salon is the last known in Monaco, the haunt of countless celebrities. Mme. Joseph is left to recommend one soap and one only, Palmolive. "To my mind," she says, "Palmolive is one of my most valuable allies. The skin and palm oils of which it is made cleanse the skin as nothing else can—and they also rejuvenate and tone up the tissues."

M. Joseph
MONTE CARLO



Interior of Joseph's, who were the Palmolive "foundation cleansing" rule for the appointment of Her Majesty, the Queen of the Belgians.

PALMOLIVE SOAP Retail Price **10¢**

Look For The
Trade Mark

GENUINE

Gillette
BLADES

For Genuine Shaving Comfort



Beauty's Best Friends

ARMAND (Eau de Cologne) CLEANSING CREAM
ARMAND (Eau de Cologne) . . . ASTRINGENT
ARMAND COLD CREAM POWDER

The powder that clings in sun and wind

ARMAND

A NEW INGERSOLL

Wrist Watch

THE MITE

Stylishly small, sturdy and dependable—for men and women, boys and girls.
For sports wear—or every day wear—there isn't a more dependable wrist watch than this new Ingersoll MITE.

THE YANKEE

America's most famous watch. A faithful time-keeper for the pocket. True blue, through and through.

\$1.50

Radiolite \$2.25

RADIOLITE
\$3.50



"Do This for

DAINTINESS"

"Before you appear in public, whether in a sleeveless and stock- ingless tennis outfit, or in a brief modern bathing suit, free your skin of disfiguring hair by using DEL-A-TONE.

Girls I know all prefer this snowy-white cream hair remover because it's so easy to use—and quick in its results. And it leaves the skin smooth as velvet."

DEL-A-TONE

CREAM OR POWDER—Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

GUARANTEED

for a lifetime...



Imagine being able to purchase this sturdy TORRID station guaranteed for a LIFETIME for so little money, 6 lbs. Cannot wrinkle clothes. Sturdy cord and plug will last ten times as long as those you have been using. Colored fittings. \$3.50

Crisp or Dry

This adjustable TORRID Toaster enables you to have your toast whichever way you like it. Toasts two large slices at the same time. Reversible toast racks prevent burnt fingers. Colored fittings. \$3.95

TORRID ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

CUTS your tooth paste bill in HALF



Listerine Tooth-Paste gently erases discoloration and deposits and leaves teeth gleaming white and healthy. Moreover it imparts to the entire mouth that wonderful feeling of freshness and cleanliness you associate with Listerine itself. And furthermore, it cuts your tooth paste bill in half—25c the large tube.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

BEAUTY for the OUTDOOR GIRL

Complexion-beauty need never be sacrificed to the drying, coarsening effects of sun and wind if you protect your skin with Plough's Vanishing (Peroxide) Cream.

Smoothed over the skin this dainty cream vanishes instantly, leaving a film of protection against dust and the weather, and holds face powder on for hours with natural beauty. Two sizes, popularly-priced. Try it!



Plough's BLACK AND WHITE Vanishing Cream (PEROXIDE)

PLOUGH, Inc., New York • Memphis • San Francisco

"Fireman, save my child at cut prices!"

LUDICROUS, isn't it, to think of a man with his house ablaze, wasting precious minutes looking for a cut-rate fire department? Yet, consider the impressive similarity between the services of firemen and independent community druggists.

Fire strikes infrequently; so does illness. Yet every city and town prides itself on paying for adequate fire protection, on keeping men and equipment ready for the emergency. What do these communities pay for similar health protection? What salary do they give the druggist who is ready and waiting from morning until far into the night to fill the emergency prescription?

Just as firemen are not busy all day fighting fires, so the druggist is not constantly engaged in filling prescriptions. That is why he must sell other things in addition to medicines. Unless he does, he cannot stay in business and be ready to care for your prescriptions.

Every independent community druggist, who is forced to go out of business because his neighbor goes to the chain for drug store merchandise, reduces the health protection which you and your family need. Fortunately, increasing recognition of this vital fact is building increasing business for the independent community druggist.

Never is "penny wise" shopping more "pound foolish" than when it buys machine-like, chain store attention in place of the sincere, friendly, individual interest of the man who owns his store, who is a registered pharmacist, who is deep-rooted in the interests of your community.

You can recognize his store by the sign of McKesson Service in his window. Buy there, and you will pay no premium for health insurance.

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL

ON THE DRUG STORE WINDOW



ENDS STOMACH AGONY GAS and INDIGESTION

You must get relief or money back

You can be so distressed with gas and fullness and bloating that you think your heart is going to stop beating. Your stomach may be so distended that your breathing is short and gaspy. You think perhaps you are suffocating. You are dizzy and pray for quick relief—what's to be done?

Just one tablespoonful of Dares' Menth Pepsin and in ten minutes

the gas disappears, the pressing on the breast ceases and you can breathe deep and naturally.

Oh! What blessed relief, but why not get rid of such attacks altogether? Why have indigestion at all? With this wonderful medicine you can overcome indigestion, or dyspepsia, or any condition that keeps the stomach in constant rebellion and one bottle will prove it.

DARE'S ELIXIR MENTHA PEPSIN

The quick-acting Stomach Tonic

TANGEE

the world's most famous LIPSTICK...

blends with all complexions

Natural color... smartest vogue of today... this is the gift of Tangee to every woman, whether blonde, brunette, or tawny. Quite unlike other lipsticks, Tangee changes color as you put it on... in an elusive black rose that blends with each individual complexion so beautiful, so natural that it seems a part of your own lips... and as permanent as the day is long.

TANGEE

Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Primer Rouge, Face Powder, Night Cream, Day Cream.

BEAUTY... For 20 Cents!

Twenty cent beauty booklet "Hints on How to Be Beautiful" sent on request to McKesson Service, 447 Fifth Ave., New York.

Name Address



40 year old BEAUTY SECRET

For the past three generations, Grandmother has told Mother. Mother has told Daughter of the magical facial cream called "Kremola." Never has it been supplanted in the favor of fastidious women, who prize themselves on velvet-smooth, youthful skin. Kremola strengthens the tissues, smooths out the lines and whitens the skin. Its marvelous curative powers have made it most effective in cases of Eczema and similar skin disorders.

PRICE, \$1.25

Your druggist can supply you; if not, write the DR. C. H. BERRY CO., 2983 Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FREE BOOKLET, "HINTS ON HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL"



Tried and tested relief for HAY FEVER

Hailed with great enthusiasm by thousands of users everywhere, Sin Siptec stops itching, sniffing and sneezing. Dries up watery, smarting eyes. Soothes and clears nasal passages. Absolute relief or money back. Nothing like it. Try it today!

Also relieves sinus trouble and catarrh by riding nasal cavity of toxic secretions. Reduces congestion and inflammation, aiding drainage of sinuses. Large bottle... 98c



SIN SIPTEC FOR CLEANSING THE NOSE

Get your book without charge

Arrangements have been made with all local drug stores displaying the "McKesson Service" symbol to give out a limited number of the instructive book "Germs of Rheumatism" which trace rheumatism from Egyptian days to the present.

GET YOUR FREE COPY TODAY

This distribution is made possible by the Weldons Corp., Boston, Mass., makers of

WELDONA TABLETS FOR RHEUMATISM

Largest Selling Rheumatic Tablets

Weldons tablets have proved especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular and other forms of rheumatism ordinary treatments fail to reach. Get the treatment package.





DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS POWER
TO MAKE SICK BODIES—VIGOROUS, WELL



NOW—in a familiar food . . . the health value of hours in the summer sun

FOR centuries persons with sick bodies have bathed themselves in sunlight to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices or factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes—victims of a sunless age. They are literally "sunlight starved".

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this! A brilliant scientist has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. It is the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up long-standing skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The new Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin "D". It is the richest food source by far of this vitamin. Three cakes are roughly equal to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!

Most people need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's



Hiding from the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-bodied, weak-muscle, with a prey to decay. . . Read how you can get your sunshine now in a famous food.

Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough phosphorus and lime—elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight and strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

Expectant and nursing mothers need it daily. It fortifies the unborn or nursing child against rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth).

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" vitamin. Eat three cakes every day, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil packages with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking.

A new radio hour! Fleischmann's Yeast-for-Health Hour is packed with musical surprises. Dance orchestras, crooners, the latest Broadway hits. Tune in Thursday evenings with the National Broadcasting Co. and associated stations—47 stations coast to coast network.



LEFT
DR. LORENZO CHERUBINI, famous Italian physician writes, "Unaided health benefits are made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin D—more in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones, sound teeth, tones muscles."



RIGHT
DR. JOSE SANCHEZ-COVISA, famous Spanish dermatologist says, "Fresh yeast can be successfully employed to combat many skin diseases. Exposed to ultra-violet rays, fresh yeast reaches a maximum therapeutic power."



LEFT
DR. CARL NEUBERG, a leading German physician states, "The vitally important pro-vitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."



RIGHT
DR. MAURICE DELORT, a great European gastro-enterologist says, "Exposed to fresh yeast it is converted by irradiation into vitamin D which brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S



YEAST

with the Sunshine Vitamin added

Copyright, 1930,
Fleischmann Company

The needless risk of offensiveness some women take

DEODO guarantees daintiness at most trying times

Women should never take the chance—it's inexcusable. Lack of daintiness is now needless even at those trying times when sensitive women dread it most. There is a new protection which guarantees complete peace of mind.

Deodo—the delightful powder—deodorant—Instantly neutralizes all body odors. Women find it particularly effective when dusted on sanitary napkins. It is the perfect safeguard against offensiveness—regardless.

Deodo is gently scented itself—but it doesn't just cover one odor with another—it instantly kills disagreeable odors and prevents them all day long.

For daily use, too, Deodo offers perfect protection against the repulsive perspiration odors. Immediately neutralizes and absorbs them all. Simply dust this silky soft powder on like a high grade talc. It takes effect the moment it touches your skin.

Just shower it all over the body. Rub it under your arms. Do this daily and your dress will never get that ugly odor under the sleeves. Deodo soothes the tenderest skin. Never gets pores or checks beautiful perspiring. Stout people say Deodo takes care of any unpleasantness from the excessive perspiration so frequent among heavy folk. Prevents chafing.

Men, too, are buying Deodo in amazing numbers. Deodo is fine for them—the only kind of product for this purpose men will use. So quick and easy to rub Deodo under the arms and dust it into the shoes or over the feet. Always works instantly. Revivifies.

Deodo's quality is absolutely guaranteed by one of the world's leading biological and pharmaceutical concerns. Try Deodo today. At good drug and department stores. Only five for large size container. H. K. Mulford Company, Pat. Mfg. Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mercerized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove blemishes and discolorations by regularly using Mercerized Wax. Get an ounce, and see as directed. Invaluable patches of aged skin peel off! All defects, such as skin peeling, nose, tan, freckles and large pores, have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercerized wax brings out the hidden beauty. To reduce wrinkles and other face lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered cosmetic, 1 ounce witch hazel. At Drug and Dept. Stores.

For STOUT WOMEN and MISSES

WE PAY POSTAGE

This Book of Slenderizing Styles FREE

THIS STYLE BOOK offers everything you wear—specially designed for You—specially made to be becoming and comfortable and to bring added beauty to stout women and misses.

This Style Book offers shoes, specially designed and constructed; the newest hats and corsets for stout women; hosiery, house dresses, underwear—everything in wearing apparel, specially designed for you.

Dresses and Coats, redesigned to give you slenderizing lines—and without annoying tightness at arms or hips—embodying all of the skill and knowledge acquired in 28 years' experience as specialists for Stout Women.

Authoritative Style—Always at a Saving

Lane Bryant has seven large retail stores in seven cities. In New York, in the heart of the Fifth Avenue shopping section, its large store serves the best informed stout women in America. This in itself, is a guarantee of both authoritative style and low prices.

The same styles—the same Low Prices—may just as well be yours. One copy of this new Style Book to yours free for the asking. You need merely fill in the coupon.

Lane Bryant

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Retail Stores: New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Baltimore, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia
Lane Bryant, Dept. 122, Fifth Ave. and 36th St., New York
Dear Madam:
Please mail me your copy of your new Style Book.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Peppers Picked for Food and Flavor

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

PROBABLY the most common idea of the young housewife in regard to green peppers is that they are a garnish, an accessory, a bit of seasoning with which to dress up some tasty some special dish. Doesn't she add half a green pepper, chopped, to her left-over meat, or drop some slivers of pepper into her soup for that "something different" flavor? Then, of course, she thinks of them at picking time, when peppers, sweet or hot, green or red, become one of the main characters in the popular "Six Vegetables in Search of a Housewife."

But I want the home-manager to think of green peppers not as a relish or a dash of colorful flavor, but as a true staple vegetable as serviceable for every-day cooking as string-beans or cabbage. Why not? Their flesh is succulent with a seafood tang which lends itself better than that of any other garden plant to stuffing and filling with forcemeat of various kinds; they may be prepared by many cooking processes; their odd taste combines unusually well with meats, many vegetables (particularly corn) and especially with nuts or milk gravies; last, they are not an all-season product to be bought at a low price. What more could be said in the plain-tiffing flavor?

The first step in their preparation is the removal of the inner seeds and core, which can be easily done by cutting around the stem with a small knife. For baked dishes, such as stuffed peppers, they may be dropped into boiling water and parboiled 5 minutes to save later fuel and cooking time. Peppers when mixed with water makes a somewhat unpleasant jellylike substance.

For this reason in all dishes where peppers are the main ingredients or where they are combined in sauces it is best to avoid using water with them to dry them somewhat by previously removing the thin papery outer skin. To this peel peppers either toast them entire, by holding over a low flame and turning frequently, or place on a platter in a hot oven for from 5 to 10 minutes. This makes the thin outer skin blister or crack, when it can be picked off with a sharp knife as the pepper is held under running water. The flesh may then be cut or used as desired.

Peppers are better than knives to slice them into thin strips.

While the coarse blade of the helpful meat-chopper will cut them into convenient pieces for other dishes. The sharp corrugated edge of the vegetable slicer that looks like a tiny washboard will also turn them out in attractive lattice strips especially effective for raw garnish and cream sauces. Or the pulper may be punched out into stars, crescents, etc., with an ornamental tube vegetable-cutter.

If peppers are cooked in water, it should always be well salted. A foundation treatment is to saute the strips in butter or oil, which makes them richer and more flavorful before using in other ways. Since they are very delicate in texture the fire should always be kept low, and their handling should be gentle in order not to break them. Allow about 30 to 45 minutes for baking whole and stuffed, if the peppers have been parboiled and the stuffing is precooked; allow from 15 to 30 minutes simmering for sliced or cut pieces to become tender.

To an epicure nothing is more delicious than a side dish of delicately browned fried peppers seasoned with a few drops of Worcestershire sauce as an accompaniment to a broiled steak or any hot red meat—more refined than the homely onion, and less than a quarter the cost of the elegant mushroom!

Peppers, as a staple, peppers may be successfully combined with other vegetables of similar texture, particularly cabbage, celery, onions, tomatoes and corn.

Peppers, tomatoes and chicken seem "jolly natchery" to go together, many are the dishes of this Creole type where chicken, cooked in fricassee fashion, is given piquancy by a pungent tomato-pepper sauce. Leaving

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Baked Apples, Peanut Butter, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Baking Powder Butter, Coffee or Substitute, Lancashire Apparagus and Lentils Salad, Toasted Biscuits, Rice Blanc Mange, Fruit Jam, Sauce, Dinner Boiled Corned Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Carrots, Horseshoe Sauce, Apple Tart.	Breakfast Fruit, Peanut Butter, Cereal, Popovers, Coffee, Breakfast Eggs, Lancashire Apparagus and Lentils Salad, Toasted Biscuits, Rice Blanc Mange, Fruit Jam, Sauce, Dinner Boiled Corned Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Carrots, Horseshoe Sauce, Apple Tart.	Breakfast Baked Apples, Peanut Butter, Cereal, Popovers, Coffee, Breakfast Eggs, Lancashire Apparagus and Lentils Salad, Toasted Biscuits, Rice Blanc Mange, Fruit Jam, Sauce, Dinner Boiled Corned Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Carrots, Horseshoe Sauce, Apple Tart.	Breakfast Fruit, Peanut Butter, Cereal, Popovers, Coffee, Breakfast Eggs, Lancashire Apparagus and Lentils Salad, Toasted Biscuits, Rice Blanc Mange, Fruit Jam, Sauce, Dinner Boiled Corned Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Carrots, Horseshoe Sauce, Apple Tart.	Breakfast Fruit, Peanut Butter, Cereal, Popovers, Coffee, Breakfast Eggs, Lancashire Apparagus and Lentils Salad, Toasted Biscuits, Rice Blanc Mange, Fruit Jam, Sauce, Dinner Boiled Corned Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Carrots, Horseshoe Sauce, Apple Tart.	Breakfast Fruit, Peanut Butter, Cereal, Popovers, Coffee, Breakfast Eggs, Lancashire Apparagus and Lentils Salad, Toasted Biscuits, Rice Blanc Mange, Fruit Jam, Sauce, Dinner Boiled Corned Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Carrots, Horseshoe Sauce, Apple Tart.	Breakfast Fruit, Peanut Butter, Cereal, Popovers, Coffee, Breakfast Eggs, Lancashire Apparagus and Lentils Salad, Toasted Biscuits, Rice Blanc Mange, Fruit Jam, Sauce, Dinner Boiled Corned Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Cabbage, Turnips, Carrots, Horseshoe Sauce, Apple Tart.

out the tomato, one may develop originations with chicken, pepper and a cream sauce as in a "La King" dish, always pleasing either when served in chafing dish or over toast for the informal supper or lunch.

A last word must be added as to the excellent blending of green peppers with sea foods, particularly oysters, tuna fish and the richer white fish with firm flesh. Either chopped raw and used with fish in salads, or cooked in a cream sauce and used with fish, peppers give an indelible touch quite unequalled by any other food. Be generous with peppers and they will bring seasoning and substance into the daily menu. The following recipes may be used as given or adapted to suit the needs of the moment:

Tuna à la King—1 pound can tuna fish, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cup rich milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup prepared green peppers cut in thin strips.

Saute pepper strips in butter or substitute until tender; remove and add flour to the hot fat. Blend, pour on milk and stir until the heat till the sauce is creamy. Add flaked tuna and peppers to sautéed hot cut of butter and serve at once, on toast if preferred.

Sea-Food Pepper Grill—24 green peppers, 24 thin bacon strips, 1 cup cream, 1 cup onion, 1 cup tomato, 1 cup mushroom, 1 cup celery, 1 cup carrot, 1 cup onion, 1 cup tomato, 1 cup mushroom, 1 cup celery, 1 cup carrot.

moderately. (Scallops may be broiled and used similarly.)

Baked Peppers Stuffed with Corn—6 whole prepared green-pepper cones, 2 cups canned or cut cooked corn, 1 cup fine bread-crumbs, 1 cup melted butter, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons melted butter or other fat, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper. Combine well all ingredients and stuff into pepper cones which have been parboiled 5 minutes. Arrange on baking-dish, partly cover with water and bake 45 minutes, basting frequently with water and melted fat. (2 cups finely chopped raw cabbage may be substituted for the corn and bread-crumbs in the above.)

American Weekly Patterns

11 STERLING PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



A DISTINCTIVE FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL (6618). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 12-year size will require 3 1/4 yards of 35-inch material. To make the yoke and cuffs and belt of contrasting material will require 1/2 yard 32 inches wide and cut crosswise.

A STYLISH MODEL FOR MATURE FIGURES WITH SLENDER HIPS (6606). The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. To face neck, collar, yoke and waist with contrasting material will require 3/4 yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise.

A NEAT LITTLE DRESS FOR A LITTLE MISS (6624). The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 1 1/4 yards of material 35 inches wide. For playing on the collar, 1 1/4 yards 2 inches wide is required, cut crosswise, or 1 1/4 yards of lace or edging.

A SMART "RUNABOUT" DRESS (6609). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4 1/4 yards of 35-inch material. For collar, tie, belt and binding at the top of the plait, 3/4 yard 35 inches wide is required, cut crosswise.

A PLEASANT MORNING FROCK (6608). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and

For the First School Days

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Savory Chicken.
DRESS, clean and cut up a chicken. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in flour and brown delicately in a little salt pork fat. Put in a saucepan cover with sauce and cook slowly until chicken is tender. Add 1 cup sautéed mushrooms and cook 5 minutes.

Asparagus and Lamb Salad.
MIX 2 or 3 cups diced cold cooked lamb with 1/2 cup finely chopped celery and 3/4 cup asparagus tips. Mix a few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 cup vinegar and beat well. Combine with the lamb and asparagus mixture. Moisten with well seasoned cream dressing. Arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce and garnish with rings of hard cooked eggs and asparagus tips.

Date Delight.
FINELY chop 1/2 pound dates and 1/2 cup nuts. Beat 1/2 cup sifted sugar into 5 well beaten eggs, whites. Fold in the nuts and dates. Butter a baking dish and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Turn the date mixture into the dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven about 25 minutes. Serve immediately with cream and sugar.



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